The Nation

VOL. LXXXVI—NO. 2224. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1908 PRICE TEN CENTS.

Carnegie Library Station D 24-08

An Unusual View of Victorian England

SUPPOSE you could sit by at your Club while a man of the inner circles of British diplomacy (a capital story-teller) chatted informally of sixty years' experiences? Would you value the opportunity?

SUPPOSE you could then dine with a charming lady (a cousin of your diplomat) who was willing to add her store of reminiscences of these same years? Would you throw over another engagement to meet her?

SUPPOSE that you could then take one of those long strolls with the editor of *Fraser's*, in which Tennyson and Carlyle delighted, hearing him gossip of the rich literary life of the same period?

Would not such insights into the life of the last sixty years be worth having?

AS SEEN BY A DIPLOMAT

Rambling Recollections
By the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff
G. C. B., G. C. M. C., Late British Ambassador in Spain

Two volumes full of good stories and of intimacy with people of political place and power. The author entered the Foreign Office in 1846 and knew well nearly every man of political note in England since that time. His recollections of people and places are delightful, he had an inside view of every important event of the last sixty years, was one of the famous "Fourth Party," and was noted as a teller of good stories. He was Ambassador in Madrid at the time of the Spanish-American War.

Two volumes, cloth, gilt top, 8vo, $7.50 net

AS SEEN BY A LADY OF HIGH SOCIAL RANK

Leaves from the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill

Edited by her son, Ralph Nevill. With photogravure portraits. The same years, and many of the same people live in these pages as figure in Drummond Wolff's Recollections, but the point of view is naturally different. Lady Dorothy is of the Walpole family, inheriting her full share of Walpole wit, and there is a delightful air of intimacy, good humor, candor, and a toleration born of wide observation and much experience. Nothing could be more full of a pleasant personality.

Cloth, illustrated, 8vo, $3.75 net

AS SEEN BY AN EDITOR OF FRASER'S

William Allingham *A Diary*

The best letters D. G. Rossetti wrote were to Allingham; he was the one man whom Carlyle would have trusted to act as his Boswell, saying: "he is accurate enough"; he was a neighbor and intimate of Tennyson's; and was himself a poet, a quiet, lovable man whose notes are remarkably alive. The *Standard* (London) calls it "pithy, racy, convincing . . . a diary is usually skippable, but this must and will be carefully read, inasmuch as almost every line of it is interesting."

8vo, cloth, with portraits, $3.75 net

THE ABOVE ARE NOW READY. IN PREPARATION ARE:—

Modern Egypt *In two volumes*
By the Earl of Cromer

The author's remarkable personality, his ability as a modern political administrator, and the position he held for so long as the most influential official in Egypt, will unite to place this among the notable books of the year. *Ready shortly.*

England *In two volumes*
By A. Lawrence Lowell

A comprehensive survey of the English political system, comparable in value only to the Hon. James Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*, and likely to become equally indispensable in the study of popular government. *Ready shortly.*

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 Fifth Ave. New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; Philip Loring Allen Treasurer; Hammond Lamont, Editor; Paul Elmer More, Associate Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 139

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Using the Offices 142
Socialism Under Debate 142
Crime and the Reader 143

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Donald G. Mitchell 144

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Hilprecht Case Again 145
The Word "Bends" 146
"Pierce Penniless" 146
"Practical" Studies for Women 146
College Men in Elementary Schools 146

NOTES 147

BOOK REVIEWS:

A Life of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury 150
Robert E. Lee 151
Somehow Good 152
The Ancient Law 152
Travers 153
English Poetry, 1170-1892.—English Poems 153
St. Stephen's in the Fifties 153
A Book of Saints and Wonders, Put Down Here by Lady Gregory, According to the Old Writings and the Memory of the People of Ireland 154
Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen 155
Society in the Country House 155
The University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906 156
The Real Australia 156

SCIENCE:

Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates. 156

DRAMA 157

MUSIC:

A History of Music in England 157

ART:

The International 158

FINANCE:

Books on the Steel Trust 159

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 160

*** Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Teachers' Agencies.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
4 Ashburton Pl., Boston — 1505 Pa. Ave., Washington
156 Fifth Ave., New York — 414 Cen. Bld., Minneapolis
203 Mich. Ave., Chicago — 1200 Williams Av., Portland
405 Cooper Bld., Denver — 238 Dougl's Bld., Los Angeles
313 Rook'ry Blk., Spokane — 415 Studio Bld., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY
Has Good Positions for Good Teachers with Good Records.
Send for Circular and Application Form.
HARLAN P. FRENCH, 81 Chapel St., Albany, N.Y.

Art and Literature
VON MACH'S GREEK SCULPTURE: ITS SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES
WEIR'S THE GREEK PAINTERS' ART
HOYT'S WORLD PAINTERS AND THEIR PICTURES
CARPENTER'S THE CHILD IN ART
VAN DYKE'S POEMS OF TENNYSON
MANLY'S ENGLISH POETRY, 1170-1892
KNIGHT'S LETTERS OF THE WORDSWORTH FAMILY
HELLER'S STUDIES IN MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE
GINN & COMPANY - BOSTON

"An important contribution to the literature of American education, sociology, and history."
History of the Pestalozzian Movement in the United States
By WILL S. MONROE
With 9 rare Portraits and a Bibliography, $2.00
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS
Balzac, Brontë, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, De Foe, Eliot, Fielding, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Poe, Prescott, Reade, Ruskin, Scott, Smollett, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.
Send for Descriptive Booklet.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

"The best **SINGLE VOLUME** edition that has yet been published."—BRANDER MATTHEWS in *New York Times.*
SHAKESPEARE
Cambridge Edition
Edited by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.
Send for descriptive circular.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park St., Boston

"Probably the most distinguished and discriminating art criticism of this year."
THE ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE
BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY.
Uniquely Illustrated. Boxed. $3.50 net.
(carriage extra.)
Moffat, Yard & Company - New York

Send for a Prospectus of the
Shakespeare Library
A comprehensive series of texts and studies, under the editorship of Professor I. Gollancz, valuable alike for students and general readers.
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
36 EAST 21ST ST. NEW YORK

THE CALL OF THE SOUTH

FOREIGN BOOKS — *Send for Catalogue.* SCHOENHOF BOOK CO. 128 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. — TAUCHNITZ BRITISH AUTHORS

A NEW CATALOGUE CONSISTING mainly of Americana, Biography, First Editions, Genealogy, Local History, Early Maps, Rebellion, Slavery, etc. A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y.

HAVE YOU SEEN
The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal,
By THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.?
Two volumes are now ready (Text, Vol. I, and Documents, Vol. I, Part 1). There will probably be six in all.
The price is $4.50 net, per volume, and it may be had on approval of your bookseller or of us.
THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY
CLEVELAND, O.

WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR LIBRARIANS
We now have the most efficient department for the handling of Library orders.
1. A tremendous miscellaneous stock.
2. Greatly increased facilities for the importation of English publications.
3. Competent bookmen to price lists and collect books.
All of this means prompt and complete shipments and right prices.
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS
33-37 East Seventeenth St., New York

BEST
facilities for supplying
American English French **BOOKS** German Italian Spanish
Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited.
LEMCKE & BUECHNER
Established over 50 years.
11 East 17th St., New York

FINE ENVELOPES To introduce our handsome cream-colored envelopes, we will mail, postpaid, 25 envelopes with your name and address artistically printed on left upper corner for only 10 cents.
ACME ENVELOPE CO. CANAL DOVER, O.

Affaires de Norvège
NEVER before published, OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS concerning the CONSTITUTION of the KINGDOM OF NORWAY.
A large 8vo volume. $1.10 post free. Send orders to BUREAU des ARCHIVES DIPLOMATIQUES, 20 RUE de TOURNON, PARIS.

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSICAL AND MODERN PHILOLOGY

Classical Philology

A quarterly journal devoted to research in the languages, literatures, history, and life of classical antiquity, and to reviews of current publications in these fields. In addition to formal articles stating the results of investigations, especial attention is given to reviews of books and monographs. Hitherto American scholars have been obliged to look mainly to Europe for reviews of current philological literature. It is the aim of the editors to supply a real need by the prompt publication of critical notices of American, as well as of European, work.

Published Quarterly
$2.50 a year, single copies 75 cents

THE Classical Journal

Published in the interests of classical studies in schools and colleges. Its aim is to provide a medium through which classical teachers may be brought more closely in touch with one another's work, and be made familiar with all that is being done in the different departments of their field. In selecting articles and other material for publication the editors bear constantly in mind the needs of teachers, and endeavor to make the periodical of practical service in the work of the classroom.

Published Monthly, except July, August, September, and October
$1.50 a year, single copies 25 cents

Modern Philology

A medium of publication for special studies in the field indicated by its title. It has thus a wide scope, but articles to be accepted are required to be scientific in purpose and method. The journal was established in June, 1903. Back numbers can be supplied, with the exception of Volume I., No. 1.

Published Quarterly
$3.00 a year, single copies $1.00

RECENT BOOKS

The Tragedies of Seneca
Translated by FRANK JUSTUS MILLER

This is a new translation of the ten tragedies which have come down under the name of Seneca, rendered into English blank verse, with appropriate lyric metres for the choruses. The work is enriched and its value greatly enhanced both for classical and English students, as well as for the general reader, by an introduction on the influence of the tragedies of Seneca upon early English drama, contributed to the volume by Professor John M. Manly; also by a review of the Roman historical drama in connection with the Octavia, by comparative analyses of Seneca's tragedies and the corresponding Greek dramas, and by a comprehensive mythological index and glossary. 548 pages, 8vo, cloth; net $3.00, postpaid $3.20.

Ancient Italy: Historical and Geographical Investigations in Central Italy, Magna Graecia, Sicily, and Sardinia
By ETTORE PAIS. Translated from the Italian by C. DENSMORE CURTIS

Dr. Pais is well known to classical scholars. The articles in the present volume are the results of his studies in the ancient history of the Italian tribes. Every available source of information is drawn upon, and their breadth of view is masterly. They embrace the relations of these peoples with the surrounding nations, and incidentally throw light on the history of Greece. Their publication at this time will be welcomed by scholars, to whom they have never been generally accessible. Many of them were printed as detached papers with a limited circulation, and all were of course in Italian. 460 pages, 8vo, cloth; net $5.00, postpaid $5.24.

English Poems—The Nineteenth Century
Selected and Edited by WALTER C. BRONSON, Litt.D., Professor of English Literature in Brown University

This new collection of English poems is in many respects an advance upon any yet produced. The aim has been to satisfy the needs of the student and reader of the present day, and to this end every effort has been made to supply in the commentary just the needed information and interpretation. 635 pages, 12mo, cloth; library edition, net $1.50, postpaid $1.68; school edition, net $1.00, postpaid $1.15.

Old German Love Songs
Translated from the Minnesingers of the 12th to the 14th Centuries by FRANK C. NICHOLSON

In this volume an attempt has for the first time been made to present readers of English with a fairly large and typical selection from the German Minnesingers. The English versions keep in general the form of the original and preserve the spirit to a remarkable degree. There is also an essay on the Minnesong. 236 pages, 8vo, cloth; net $1.50, postpaid $1.61.

The Interpretation of Italy During the Last Two Centuries:
A Contribution to the Study of Goethe's ***Italienische Reise***
By CAMILLO VON KLENZE, Professor of German Literature in Brown University

With a view primarily to throwing light on Goethe's estimate of Italy, the author traces the development of foreign appreciation of the historic peninsula during two hundred years. The volume is rich in varied interest for the student of European culture.

"The book is a work of research representing a vast amount of reading and labor, and will be of service to any one who desires to follow the story of modern culture and intellectual life."—*The Dial.* 150 pages, 8vo, cloth; net $1.50, postpaid $1.62.

ADDRESS DEPT. 21

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO and NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

COTTON-SPINNING CALCULATIONS AND YARN COSTS

By JAMES WINTERBOTTOM, Lecturer on Spinning, Municipal School of Technology, Manchester. With diagrams. 8vo. pp. x-254. $3.00.†

***A practical and comprehensive manual of calculations, yarn costs, and other data involved in adapting the machinery in all sections, and for all grades, of spinning and doubling.

COMPARATIVE ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY

By JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, M.A., D.Sc. Professor, Presidency College, Calcutta. 8vo. pp. xlvii.-760. $5.75.†

ORGANIC CHEMISTRY FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS

By JULIUS B. COHEN, Ph.D., B.Sc., Professor of Organic Chemistry in the University of Leeds, and Associate of Owens College, Manchester. Demy 8vo. pp. viii.-632. $7.00.†

TEXT-BOOK OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS

By Dr. G. v. BUNGE, Professor of Physiological Chemistry in the University of Basel. Translated with Additions by R. H. Aders Plimmer, D.Sc. (Lond.), Fellow of University College, London. 8vo. pp. x.-260. $2.00.†

A HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY

By Dr. H. BAUER, Royal Technical Institute, Stuttgart. Translated by R. V. Stanford. Crown 8vo. pp. viii.-232. $1.00, net.

ELECTRICAL TRACTION

By E. WILSON, Whit. Sch., M.I.E.E., Professor of Electrical Engineering at King's College, London; and F. LYDALL, B.Sc. In two volumes, 8vo, profusely Illustrated. Vol. I. Direct current, pp. viii.-475, $4.00, net. Vol. II. Alternating current. pp. viii.-328. $4.00, net.

THE HOLY GHOST THE COMFORTER

By the Rev. G. F. HOLDEN, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, London, W. With an Introduction by the Bishop of London. Crown 8vo. 180 pages. $0.90 net.

FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S INTRODUCTION.

"It has become a custom that I should recommend some book for Lenten reading to the public and diocese. . . . It is my hope that this little book may help busy men and women who have no time for deep and prolonged study to have clearer ideas on this matter and be led on to a Christian life which is all the more spiritual because sacramental."

GLORIA CRUCIS

Addresses delivered in Lichfield Cathedral, Holy Week and Good Friday, 1907.

By the Rev. J. H. BEIBITZ, M.A., Vice-Principal of the Theological College, Lichfield. Crown 8vo. 140 pages. $1.00.

A CATHOLIC ATLAS

OR, DIGEST OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY

Comprehending Fundamentals of Religion, Summary of Catholic Doctrine, Means of Grace, Perfection with Its Rules and Counsels, Worship and Its Laws. By the Rt. Rev. CHARLES C. GRAFTON, S.T.D., Bishop of Fond du Lac. Imperial 8vo (11 x 7½), buckram, pp. xi+243. $2.50 net. By mail $2.70.

THE MIND OF CHRIST JESUS IN THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD

A CHARGE.

By the Right Rev. CHARLES H. BRENT, D.D., Bishop of the Philippine Islands. Crown 8vo. Cloth. $0.50, net. By mail, $0.56.

CATHOLICISM AND INDEPENDENCE:

BEING STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL LIBERTY

By M. D. PETRE. Crown 8vo. Pp. xii-174. $1.20, net.

The interest of these essays lies in their recognition of the twofold principle of individual independence and coöperative authority, both having their right place in the life of the soul. Every member of the Church has his own inalienable rights in the domain of conscience, but has also his duties in regard to the visible Church. He is called at times to obey, at times to resist, the demands of religious authority.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York

JUST PUBLISHED

The Most Important Biography of the New Year

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

SIXTY YEARS OF AN INVENTOR'S LIFE

By FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES

THIS volume will at once commend itself as one of the few *necessary* books to librarians and readers alike. Edison's name and fame are known around the world. His life story reads like a romance, from the time he published a newspaper on board a train at fourteen, and later was an out-at-the-elbows "tramp" telegraph operator, till his electrical inventions caused the formation of a fifteen million dollar stock company.

No recent life of Edison is in print, a fact which makes this book doubly valuable. It is the result of close acquaintance with, and study of the inventor, and is at once complete, authoritative, and intensely interesting. It is a romance of truth which far exceeds fiction.

Profusely Illustrated, 370 pp., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, $2.00 net. (Postage, 20 cents.)

Three New Volumes in the "First Folio" Edition of Shakespeare

THE TEMPEST With Original Prolegomena **THE TRAGEDIE OF OTHELLO**

THE WINTERS TALE

Following the original text of 1623, with full notes and glossaries

Edited by CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE

"The most desirable edition of the plays which has yet been published."—Dr. HIRAM CORSON.

Pocket size, cloth, 75 cents each; limp leather, $1.00 each

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1908.

The Week.

Any one who thinks our American business men lack idealism and child-like faith should read the report of what the delegation from the American Manufacturers' Association did when it went to Washington last week to talk tariff reform. Here are two of their formulated policies:

(1.) The intelligent, thorough, and unprejudiced study of facts;

(4.) The adjustment of the tariff schedules so that they shall affect all interests favorably and equitably without excessive or needless protection to any.

And to secure these objects they petition, of all people in the world, the Speaker of a Republican House of Representatives and the chairman of a Republican Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Cannon spoke bluntly about the tariff commission plan. No one knows better than he that such commissions stand only the slightest chance of being any more useful than debating clubs, and that the historic commission of 1882 made a report "so voluminous that it was never even read." When the Ways and Means Committee does act, it wants, and is entitled to have, first-hand testimony. But all these are only subsidiary questions. Does any one seriously suppose that our Republican Congresses have been merely waiting for information all these years they have refused to revise the tariff? Information is not hard for Congressional committees to get, least of all the kind which has governed the making of former protective tariffs, namely, information as to how heavy the duties each special interest wants. The Republican party has let the tariff alone because it was paid to, and, as Mr. Cannon truly said, it is exclusively responsible for its legislative policy.

Striking evidence of the "state of nerves" into which the country has got is furnished by the number of ordinarily calm and cool-headed men who are now going about filled with unconcealed apprehension. What they are afraid of is not hard times, but hard knocks. It is not bad business that they dread so much as crazy legislation. People say that these are critical times; there is great excitement throughout the country; a Presidential election is impending; rival political leaders are bidding against each other for the votes of visionaries and revolutionists. So, they infer, some dreadful thing is going to happen. The sounder inference would be that nothing whatever is going to happen. Consider the present settled purpose of Congress to give no heed at all to the President's message. Not a handful of Republicans in both houses could be got to say publicly that they approved of it. That the measures of legislation which it urged will receive no attention whatever, is conceded by all intelligent correspondents at Washington. Indeed, there is no certainty that the President himself either expects or desires Congress to do anything. Whatever his message was intended for, it was not planned to result in immediate legislation. There are still courts in Washington. There is still a dominant number of steady and cautious men in Congress. They will not be raided, and they refuse to be terrified. Nor is there any reason to believe that the mass of the people have a wish or purpose except for corrective and healing laws. All this being so, our apprehensive business men should pluck up their spirits. It is for those who have the serious tasks of keeping the industry and transportation of the country going, to bear in mind the powerful forces which make for stability and sanity, and not to tremble at the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Senator Culberson's attack on Secretary Cortelyou's measures of last October and November contain several distinct specifications. His charge of violation of the law by Mr. Cortelyou, in the sale of bonds and notes when the Treasury was not in need of money, and in the acceptance of the 3 per cent. notes as a basis for new bank circulation, is the same criticism which was made in these columns at the time. Mr. Cortelyou's recent answer to the Senate inquiry plausibly defended the sale of Panama Canal bonds, on the ground that the entire proceeds have been expended on the canal work. But his argument for the 3 per cent. notes, when the law authorizes their use only in such sums "as, in his judgment, may be necessary to meet public expenditure," and when the Treasury had, as a matter of fact, $230,000,000 on deposit in the banks, was not at all convincing. Furthermore, since the National Bank Act requires deposits of United States bonds as security against circulating banknotes, and since it further expressly declares that "the term 'United States bonds,' as used throughout this chapter, shall be construed to mean registered bonds of the United States," the use of one-year 3 per cent. certificates of indebtedness was plainly illegal.

When, however, Senator Culberson denounced Mr. Cortelyou's deposit of public moneys in bank last October, he fell into a series of blunders. Dilating on the share of such deposits allotted to New York banks, Mr. Culberson points out that according to the Comptroller's reports, the amount owed by New York banks to all other national banks decreased, between August 22 and December 3, only $10,820,511. This, he alleges, was all this city's banks paid to outside national institutions, although the loans of the New York banks in the same period increased $63,000,000. But the figures, as presented by the Senator, are misleading. The "amount due to other national banks," referred to, does not rise or fall solely according to receipt or shipment of currency at New York. On the contrary, a Western bank which has been lending its money directly on the New York market and which calls in the loan—as hundreds of banks did at the panic time—converts the proceeds into a deposit in a New York bank; thus, on the face of things, increasing the amount which this city's banks owe to other institutions. Senator Culberson's decrease of $10,820,511 "due to other national banks" is, therefore, no criterion whatever of the currency shipments from New York to the interior. Explicit information on that point was given by the chairman of the Clearing House Committee to Mr. Cortelyou, and was published in the Secretary's reply to the Senate inquiry. It showed that, during the panic period from October 21 to December 7, the New York banks shipped to the interior $106,921,700 more currency than they received from it. These figures Senator Culberson cannot honestly ignore. As for the $63,000,000 increase in New York bank loans on collateral, of which the Senator makes so much, he surely ought to know that when interior banks recall their own Wall Street loans with sudden violence, the burden of sustaining the credits involved is shifted necessarily to the New York institutions.

Mr. Bryan expounding as something entirely new a very old economic theory, which he himself has just discovered and imperfectly mastered, is not an unfamiliar spectacle. Even before his unlucky experiment with the idea of government ownership of railways in 1906, his achievements in this regard had somehow created the impression of a politician hastily running over the pages of a politico-economic text-book, to see if something might not turn up which could be used as an "issue." His remarks to the Civic Forum in this city last week, on the "ideal monetary system," touch the foundation of things in the same light-hearted way. That sys-

CONSERVANCY.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tem, he tells us, "would be one in which the purchasing power of the dollar remained the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He finds that his plan of 1896 for the sudden injection into our currency system of the whole of our own silver product, and a good part of that of other nations, would have made for this stability of "purchasing power." Following the same line of thought, he finds some amusement in the fact that people who objected to "my silver dollar" at that time, have now adopted cashiers' checks and clearing-house certificates instead. We do not know whether Mr. Bryan imagines that the panic expedients referred to were adopted as a permanent addition to the currency, to make good an insufficiency in gold production; but such a supposition would be necessary to his argument.

The State Labor Department's bulletin, which fixes with some approach to accuracy the real proportions of our much-discussed army of the unemployed, shows, as might be expected, that more men were out of work at the end of December, 1907, than on the corresponding date of the years preceding. The 92 labor unions reporting in this city had 34.2 per cent. of members idle on December 31, while, with a slightly smaller number reporting, the percentages were 12.8 in 1906, 6.7 in 1905, and 17.8 in 1904. Relatively, twice as many men are out of work, then, as in the worst of these years, five times as many as in the best year. Bad as these figures are, however, it is clear that New York city is to-day housing much more than its due proportion of the unemployed. Social workers report that many of the idle men here have drifted in from the smaller manufacturing centres. The merit of the proposed labor-colony plan for the solution of the problem of the unemployed in this State is that it offers a remedy that is permanent, and that involves coöperation on the part of the beneficiary. The obvious defects of the plan are such as appeared in England during the distressing winter of three years ago, when a colony for London's unemployed was founded on land granted for the purpose by an American. The primary object of maintaining a comparatively small number of destitute workmen was, of course, attained, but at an expense, we believe, that did not make the experiment a success from the point of view of practical economics. In a recent undertaking of the borough of West Ham, for example, a product estimated at £7,397 cost £10,135. It was found that the lower-class city laborer and the workman chronically unemployed made a poor showing, though it is only fair to say that malnutrition and illness had done much to reduce the capacity for work, even where the desire existed. How an agricultural colony can, in general, bring speedy relief to the urban workman in need of work, is not easy to see.

Ray Stannard Baker, who contributed to the *American Magazine* several articles on the negro in the South, has begun in the current number a new series dealing with the color line in the North. This bids fair to be of great service, for the negro problem is a national one; and in some of its aspects, as in the matter of obtaining work, the North is harder upon the colored laborer than the South, where labor unions are as yet of comparatively slight importance. Signs of militant prejudice have never been lacking in certain Northern States. The draft riots of 1863 in New York had, as will be remembered, chiefly colored victims. Only three or four years ago the police of this city disgraced themselves by an outrageous assault upon inoffensive colored people because of the act of a negro criminal in shooting a policeman. That there was not a lynching in our streets at that time was merely a matter of luck. In all the large cities of the North, notably in Indianapolis and Philadelphia, the problem daily forces itself more and more upon the attention of philanthropists, charity workers, and police authorities. When indiscriminately herded together, negroes who are suddenly placed amid all the temptations of the city, after being accustomed to rural life in the South, are easily led astray. The change in climate, the difficulty of obtaining decent quarters at the same rents asked of white tenants, the exploitation of the race by demagogic politicians, and by dive- and saloon-keepers tend, as Mr. Baker points out, to make the negro districts, or settlements, danger spots. Industrially, the chief difference, as Mr. Baker shows, is that in the South the complaint is of a lack of efficient negro labor; in the North the skilled negro finds it difficult to get work on any terms. The places where the negroes are best off, Mr. Baker finds, are the smaller cities of the North and West, where they are still few in numbers. The negro people need to-day a strong incorporated national committee for the furtherance of the welfare of the whole race. Such a committee would be able to receive gifts. It could buy land for negro settlers, and in improving the health of the race open new channels of industry, develop schools and churches, agitate for the restoration of civil rights where they are denied, and furnish the best legal skill for the testing of unjust laws.

It has been alleged that too much athletics in college tends to dwarf the reasoning powers of ingenuous youth. This may have been in the minds of the Williams trustees when they voted to cut down the schedule of intercollegiate contests. But it is all a mistake. If any frank man will consider the following passage from the *Williams Record*, in an article on "The Anti-Athletic Policy," he will be forced to admit that it is a magnificent display of the imaginative faculty as applied to logic:

> Followed to the letter, this policy will mean the isolation of Williams. With, at best, only semi-occasional visits of representatives of other colleges, and with a very infrequent Williams representation at other colleges, the broadening effect of contact with other college men will have ceased almost entirely to operate. The benefits of intercollege mingling will thus be forfeited to the ideals of high scholarship. Williamstown may, indeed, be an ideal place for concentrated study, but it lacks the qualifications of a place adapted to the combating of a narrowness which will be apparent when there is only very infrequent association with other institutions.

This keen observer, who has noted the "broadening effect" of being one of the cheering crowds at football matches, with the benefit to "the ideals of high scholarship" to be had from joining the roistering throngs after the game, deserves high place among the discoverers of the age.

The debate between Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer on the recently concluded Anglo-Russian convention with regard to Central Asia, shows how treaties may be taken by the spirit or the letter. To Lord Curzon the agreement was a failure, because its results for Great Britain were "doubtful in respect to Afghanistan, bad in respect to Tibet, and worse in respect to Persia." That was a weighing of clause against clause and article against article, which may be made to show anything. The question is whether Great Britain and Russia, in coming to terms, wished to let their differences in Central Asia rest for a little while, or not. It does not matter what the distant aims of either party to the contract may have been. Possibly, within fifteen or twenty years, Russia may feel herself prepared to resume her advance on India, and Great Britain may have found another partner. Nevertheless, for an appreciable number of years, the recent agreement will hold, if, for no other reason, because it took years to prepare for it and years to bring it about. It is all very well to speak of treaties as not being worth the paper they are written on, but, after all, nations outside of Central America do not change their minds in a day. British opinion probably now finds the Japanese alliance irksome; as Lord Cromer said, the Anglo-Russian convention may have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a preparatory step towards loosening Britain's connection with Japan. Yet admitting all that, it will take years before the Anglo-Japanese treaty can be quite dissolved. The interests which made it desirable cannot all disappear in a day; the forces opposed to it cannot all develop in a day. And that is why we take with mitigated seriousness the rapid political combinations and recombinations that the cable brings us.

Talk of war between Russia and Turkey over the Persian boundary dispute is taken in some quarters seriously. The quarrel is of nearly a year's standing. Difference of opinion between Turkey and Persia as to the frontier line in the north was followed by what Persia has designated as invasion of her territory by Turkish troops. The Porte, on the other hand, asserts that its soldiers have not crossed the true boundary line. That line was established, after long years of dispute, by the intervention of Russia and Great Britain. Hence Russia's present activity as the champion of Persian rights and the guarantor of peace in the Caucasus. Great Britain's silence in the matter may be taken as the result of the recent agreement with Russia by which northern Persia was assigned to Russia as a particular sphere of influence. History shows few examples of national altruism comparable with Russia's unselfish interposition in behalf of Persia, whose internal condition would make her an easy antagonist of Turkey. At the very moment when Russia's Manchurian generals are on trial for their lives, charged with cowardice and incapacity, when internal discontent is by no means suppressed, when famine rages among the peasantry, the Czar would intervene to save the Persian lamb from the ferocious Turkish tiger. Or has the old policy of distracting attention from domestic troubles by seeking foreign adventures once more asserted itself at St. Petersburg?

The recall of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg on the request of the Russian government, was necessitated, so it is reported, by a letter of the diplomat, which fell into the hands of the Russian police, and which it would be mild to call indiscreet. The famous Sackville-West letter contained nothing approaching in frankness M. Bompard's remarks on the Russian court and ruling circles:

> The bureaucracy, court, and clergy are leading a prodigal and debauched life. . . . The expenses of the court of the Czar Nicholas and his grand dukes are twice as much as the Russian Government provides for the education of the people.

St. Petersburg's conservative circles have been calling the French Ambassador a Jacobin and a mannerless parvenu, and the fact that he was appointed to his present position under the Premiership of M. Combes, the Pope of Free-Masonry, as the French conservatives call him, might be taken to account for his Radical sympathies. At the same time, the incident shows under what difficult conditions an alliance like that between France and Russia may exist, and even be vigorously defended as it was by André Tardieu, an unquestioned authority, the other day at Harvard. In France to-day republicanism and secularism are all-powerful, and so radical a gospel as Socialism is an important factor in political life. Paris is still the city of cosmopolitanism and advanced modernity. What Russia and St. Petersburg of the present day are, needs no re-statement. Yet a common fear holds the most advanced and the most backward nations of Europe together.

The expatriation bill now before the Prussian House of Lords confesses the inability of the Prussian government to assimilate, after more than a century of effort, its Polish subjects; it admits the total failure of the effort to crowd them out by colonizing Prussian Poland with the pure German stock; it reveals the Chancellor as grasping as a last resort at forcible expulsion. Poles have been deeply rooted in these Prussian provinces for centuries. When the Prussian government undertook to buy these lands as opportunity offered, it thought that $25,000,000 would suffice to carry the scheme of colonization well towards fruition; but another $25,000,000 was soon called for, and then $62,500,000. But despite the expenditure of this treasure, despite the construction of whole villages with churches, schools, inns, public buildings, the result is as nothing. Wherever Germans have been settled they have found competition with the frugality and thrift of the Poles difficult if not impossible. This practical failure naturally stirred the Prussian government to fresh efforts. It began making war on individuals. A German major of cavalry who sold his estate to some Poles had to leave the service; officials who showed any favor to the Poles were compelled to accept a transfer or resign. Then came the war upon the Polish school children, who struck rather than say their prayers in German; and later there was introduced a bill which, under the guise of giving greater freedom of assembly to all Germans, struck another blow at the Poles by requiring that within the empire all speeches should be made in German. And now comes the final wrong. To parallel it, the United States would have to expatriate all the Mexican landowners in Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico; or to drive out of New England the French Canadians. Canada, to do a similar wrong, would have forcibly to separate from their farms all whose ancestors followed the star of Montcalm and his predecessors. They, too, have clung to their language, their national traits, and have refused to be assimilated by their conquerors. Yet rare political wisdom has allowed them to rest undisturbed, has granted them full suffrage rights, and allowed them the use of their tongue even in Parliament. Were the guardians of Prussia's policy equally astute, they would have cherished the Poles, won their confidence and friendship, and conceded them both language and customs. But the Prussian Imperialism of to-day has grown more strident, though at the same time less efficient. Conscienceless though Bismarck often was, he yet knew how to use the pride of the several states to weld them into an Empire.

The withdrawal of the Congo annexation treaty for further consideration by the crown is taken as an augury of victory for the opponents of Leopold II. The Belgian Parliament had worked out a satisfactory bill for the government of the colony that the nation was about to acquire, when the terms of the treaty of annexation submitted by the King made the speedy acquisition of the colony once more an uncertainty. The bone of contention was the so-called Foundation of the Crown, the revenues of which, it was stipulated, should continue to be applied to the uses for which the King had hitherto employed them. Such uses were described as "absolutely disinterested and patriotic," consisting chiefly in the creation of imposing public works in various Belgian cities and the support of charitable and educational labors in the Congo. For himself, the King asked "neither indemnity nor repayment," though liberal pensions for various members of the royal family were demanded. It was also required that Belgium should continue the working of the forests in the Foundation; this would mean the maintenance in some form or other of the system of forced labor. The majority in the Belgian Parliament might possibly have been driven by the party lash to accept the treaty, but the approaching general elections would have brought condign punishment. In this situation, the death of the Premier, M. Trooz, and the succession of M. Schollaert, who accepted office free from conditions, have helped to hasten what promises to be an acceptable compromise. That Sir Edward Grey's recent forcible declarations in the House of Commons have also aided, we may readily assume. The struggle has been largely one of principle. Of the Congo's 20,000,000 inhabitants, the Foundation of the Crown holds about 2,500,000, so that, at the worst, Belgium was getting control over fully seven-eighths of the region.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USING THE OFFICES.

President Roosevelt has at last declared himself against the use of Federal offices to control political committees and pack political conventions. He cites his own rule against such official meddling, and writes, in his letter to Mr. Foulke, that "no officer will be permitted to violate the above injunction, with my knowledge." It was not, however, until the proceedings of the Florida Republican Convention were telegraphed over the country, and people discovered that Government employees were neglecting their duties in order to go to St. Augustine and dictate the choice of officeholders as delegates to the Chicago Convention—it was not till then that the President thought it necessary to act.

His explanations on the subject of appointments in Mr. Taft's interest take up only a small part of his letter. The real issue never lay in them. It was not asserted that they amounted to more than a handful. There were four Ohio postmasters. Senator Foraker asserted that they were named to promote Mr. Taft's candidacy; the President replies that they were duly recommended by Representatives. That is, obviously, not a logical contradiction. They might have been urged by Congressmen, and still intended to help Taft in his fight against the Ohio Senators. This matter we must leave for Senator Foraker to elucidate. As for the Wanmaker appointment in this city, the President defends it on the ground that it was recommended by the three Republican Congressmen from New York County. That, again, is not inconsistent with the fact that Wanmaker was made appraiser in order to aid Taft in New York. That this was the understanding of Taft's friends in Washington at the time, is indicated by a special dispatch to one of our good Republican newspapers, stating in so many words that "his selection is looked on as intended to assist the Taft movement in New York."

The President does not deny that Federal officials have been working for Taft, or even that pressure may have been put upon them to that end; he merely says that "if in any such case the accusation is found true, it will have occurred without my knowledge." Nothing is more probable than that over-zealous subordinates of the President's did what they thought would please him, though they did not tell him of it. The charges made by the Boston *Herald* in reference to the orders given Massachusetts postmasters to get delegates for Taft, were very explicit. The orders may have been issued without the knowledge of the President; and if the matter is pressed to public debate in the Senate, we may possibly get more details than Mr. Roosevelt was aware of.

Past occurrences, however, are of less importance than future policy. Is the President really determined to put an end to the gross impropriety of officeholders controlling party conventions and choosing delegates? His answer to the charge that the Florida convention was run by officeholders is singularly lame. The charge was made, he says, by "persons who wish to be put in office." Grant it; but what has that to do with the conduct of those who have been put in office? The rolls of the Florida convention will show how many officeholders were present. It is known that three out of the four delegates elected were Federal officials. In view of that fact, it is of no avail to point out the bad character of those who object to this political use of the offices. The offices were unquestionably so used in Florida.

As for Secretary Taft himself, he must look upon all this activity of Southern officeholders with much repugnance. We know what he thought of its baleful political effects, from one of his utterances before he was an active candidate for the Presidency. Speaking in Greensboro, North Carolina, on July 9, 1906, he displayed, in dealing with the evil of a Republican party in the South run by officeholders, a frankness almost as great as in his arraignment of Boss Cox, the previous year. Mr. Taft referred to the charge that there was no real Republican party in the South—nothing but "a little coterie of politicians who devote themselves solely to the selection of delegates to the national convention, and whose whole object is the securing of the Federal patronage"—and declared that it had "much force and truth." He then went on to say to Southern Republicans:

> You can have no prospect of success and do not deserve success unless you show in the nominees of your conventions and in the men whom you put forward to lead you that you fully recognize the obligation that you are under as a party. . . . You must convince the voters at the polls that you are not merely an office-seeking party. . . . I do not wish to seem ungracious, but I must be candid. In my judgment, the Republican party of North Carolina would be much stronger as a voting party if all the Federal offices were filled by Democrats. . . . The struggle for Federal political office, producing, as it does, jealousies and strifes and disappointments, paralyzes united effort to make the party strong at the polls and worthy of success. . . . As long as the Republican party in the Southern States shall represent little save a factional chase for Federal offices, we may expect the present political conditions of the South to continue.

The man who spoke those pointed and honest words less than two years ago, cannot be entirely happy to see himself now made the beneficiary of the "factional chase for Federal offices." No one can suppose that Mr. Taft desires to be nominated for the Presidency by a mercenary army of Southern officeholders, supported by delegates from a few Western States and the Territories, while the great body of States that cast Republican electoral votes is against him. For our part, we can conceive of no way in which he would more strengthen himself with the country than by coming out bluntly against the interference of Federal officeholders in politics, whether they be for him or against him. The whole thing is abhorrent, and Mr. Taft ought to side with those who would exclude it utterly from our political life.

SOCIALISM UNDER DEBATE.

It is not necessary to connect the capture of the English Labor party by the Socialists with the rioting of the workmen in Berlin or the unrest among the masses in Portugal. The event, taken by itself, is of sufficient significance. At the conference of the party at Hull a resolution that the organization declare as its "ultimate object" the "overthrow of the present system" was first voted down by 951,000 votes to 91,000 (each delegate's votes are proportioned to the membership of the society he represents). The very next day, by a vote of 510,000 to 469,000, the conference adopted this resolution:

> That the time has arrived when the Labor party should have as a definite object the socialization of the means of production and distribution and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic state in the interest of the entire community, and the complete emancipation of labor from the domination of capitalism and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes.

If this be not radical enough to satisfy extremists, it is at any rate a pretty complete surrender to the Collectivists.

Yet this step, which has excited so much comment in England and on the Continent, is in the direct path which the Labor party has long been treading; for, though English workmen have lagged behind the Germans and the French in the movement toward Socialism, they have kept well ahead of the Americans. Indeed, to many of the policies which were formerly denounced as socialistic, both of the old parties in England are more or less committed. With municipal lighting plants, for instance, which in this country are generally regarded with disfavor, or at least with doubt, the English cities are experimenting freely. Government intervention between employers and employed in settling disputes—as in the recent threatened railway strike—is applauded by Conservative and Liberal politicians alike. Then, too, the leaders on both sides are bidding for the workingman's vote by offering old-age pensions—something that in America would be looked upon as wildly socialistic. In fine, Englishmen of all political creeds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have gone farther than Americans both in those socialistic projects in which the difficulty or impossibility of competition offers an alternative between private and public monopoly, and in those which are largely supported by humanitarian sentiment. The mere word *Socialism* is ceasing to be a bugbear. Party chieftains admit frankly that they are no longer afraid of the naked principle of Socialism. The only thing they ask is whether any particular undertaking seems practicable and desirable in itself. The fear that it may be the small end of the wedge seems less disturbing than on this side of the Atlantic. This attitude is, on the whole, typical of the English temper, with its contempt for abstract notions, doctrinaire views, and paper theory—the practical temper which Burke exhibited when he declared:

> It is a very great mistake to imagine that mankind follow up practically any speculative principle, either of government or of freedom, as far as it will go in argument or logical illation. We Englishmen stop very short of the principles upon which we support any given part of our Constitution or even the whole of it together.

This temper of the English renders it doubtful whether the formal adoption of a resolution by the Labor conference will have at present any striking result. The most ardent Socialist must see that the "socialization of the means of production and distribution and exchange" is as far off as ever. The agitators for that end may be somewhat stimulated and encouraged, socialistic proposals may receive somewhat more attention in the public press; but for the great minority of the workmen—perhaps even a majority—old-age pensions seem likely to remain the goal for a long time to come. We are bound to admit, however, that a quickening of the socialist propaganda in England may also be reflected, even if faintly, in America; that lively discussion of socialistic ideas by English-speaking people on one side of the ocean may find some echo here—especially in a period of business depression. In the next decade we shall probably hear a good deal about the beauties and benefits of a régime under which nobody is to be overworked and everybody is to be rich and happy.

Convinced though we are that the reasoning of the socialists is fallacious, we incline to the belief that a socialist agitation may in the long run prove beneficial to this country. We were opposed to the free coinage of silver, and yet we are convinced that the two great political campaigns in which that subject was treated so fully in the press and on the platform were extremely valuable in their educational effect. Thousands, nay, millions, of men and women who had grown up without the slightest notion of economics in general and finance in particular, became fairly well versed in the topic; they were made more intelligent and better citizens; and in the end they sustained the principle of sound money. In like manner Socialism may be the means of widening intellectual horizons; it may lay before Americans a new view of some of the larger questions of life—far larger than the petty tenets of trades-unionism. It may set us to thinking; and the salvation of a republic depends upon the efforts of its citizens to think seriously about its affairs. For one thing, Socialism is eminently a peace movement; it is steadily opposed to militarism; and it will thus help us to see more clearly the silliness of the huge naval and military expenditure in which we seem bound to rival the groaning nations of Europe. And as for other questions—we cannot believe that error will permanently prevail over truth. We are confident that individualism, in its main features, is the policy which has formed and which must preserve our institutions. But if we conservatives are mistaken, we cannot but welcome a discussion which shall open our eyes and set us right. Our attitude toward this topic, as toward any other which touches the vitals of our nation, must be that of readiness to defend our faith in open forum, to meet and conquer reason with reason.

CRIME AND THE READER.

The popularity of police reports and detective fiction does not seem to be always understood. It has, however, a natural explanation. A saleslady supping upon the horrors of the yellow press, and a FitzGerald regaling himself upon the Newgate Calendar, are satisfying the same normal appetite. For in the book of crime we all have the satisfaction of beholding our free and primitive selves in action. There is nothing to be said for vice; but killing and stealing are robust acts which man has always condemned and men have always exulted in. So far as action is concerned, we have sold our birthright, or rather we have come to a convenient agreement not to exercise it as individuals. Except in time of war, the killing of our neighbor and the appropriation of his goods are achievements we deny ourselves for the tedious good of the greater number. But we are all potential sleuths, hard upon the trail of the individual offender, as well as potential jurymen, ready to find him guilty in view of all the evidence. Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig and away he run. Ten years at hard labor! Who killed Cock Robin? To the gallows with him, the dastard! So goes cheerfully up to heaven the chorus of husbands, fathers, and fellow-citizens. Yet every man-Jack of us has a sneaking sympathy for Tom, and a more or less critical admiration for the murderer of that somewhat tiresome bird. Who is really insensible to the charm of this vicarious activity?—every man in fancy his own murderer (or shall we say blood-avenger?), every man in his dreams not robbing a till, but heroically bagging a Kohinoor. No wonder the fiction of crime is popular.

Sensible persons, consequently, do not sneer at the detective story as an institution any more than they sneer at melodrama. These are, of course, special and highly developed forms of literary and dramatic expression. The candid mind has only to perceive what their function is, and how well they perform it, to clear itself of false shame in the enjoyment of them. They are equally conventional forms, but the laws which govern them are quite unlike. From the melodramatic point of view, crime is a monster of deadly mien, which to be hated needs but to be seen. It is held before the disapproving eyes of the spectator only that he may be properly prepared to gloat over its eventual payment of the price. Virtue is supposed to be the real mistress of our thoughts; it is our joyful duty to guard her honor from the lightest stain, and to concede to vice no single lineament of her. A heroine with a cigarette is as unthinkable as an adventuress without one. The villain cannot help wearing his hat over his eyes, and the hero could not do it if he tried.

But if melodrama gratifies the juryman in us, detective fiction appeals primarily to the old Adam. Or, rather, we are doubly involved in the affair. Morally the criminal, intellectually we are the master mind which runs him down. It is an exciting game. We do not demand extraordinary novelty or ingenuity of ourselves in either rôle. So far as the crime is concerned, the fact, the mode, can hardly be too simple. Recent practitioners have exercised a good deal of needless ingenuity in the matter. One author uses a snake, another a malarial mosquito, another a subtle gas caused to emanate from the stolid foliage of the harmless, necessary rubber-plant. All this is to paint the rose. The spoonful of rough-on-rats, the obtuse brick, or the bare bodkin serves perfectly well. And the fact of crime needs no particularly subtle garnishing of mystery to lure us on. A little confusion of clues and scents is all we require. Even the great Sherlock's famous "deductive" method is mainly wonderful as we see it mirrored in the round eyes of the solemn ass Watson, and contrasted with the clumsy manœuvres of the idiots of Scotland Yard. His method, with all its pomp, is the ageless method of keeping one's eye peeled and adding two and two. The test is a test of common sense applied to uncommon data. One recalls the bewildering multiplication of possible clues in "The Murders in the Rue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morgue" by the various depositions at the coroner's inquest. The man who gets to the bottom of the matter is the man who refuses to let his imagination lead him away from the few undisputed facts. The story, as it happens, is a little compromised by the eventual discovery that there has been no crime at all. There is a certain pathos in hunting down our man and finding him a monkey. After all, we have been defrauded of our murder; it is not pleasant to have wasted the sympathy due to a fellow-being upon a mere brute. The true formula does not vary: the thing has been done, and the main questions are, Who did it? and, How do we know he did it? How he did it is a matter of secondary importance; and why he did it is a question the answer to which may be found in the bosom of any natural man.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I.

There was a time not so long ago when the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and perhaps "Dream-Life," stood on the shelf of every college sophomore, the gift of some gentle friend. 'Twas a pretty custom, as if the donor with furtive fingers were knocking for admission into these mysterious masculine quarters, and would hint with sly bashfulness that a young bachelor's idle thoughts should properly turn to matrimony. Well, the sophomore and his maid, I am told, have grown a little ashamed of this peculiar form of sentimentality; yet the writer of the "Reveries" may take confidence in denying, as he did in a recent Preface to his book, "that the boisterous and scathing and rollicking humor of our time has blown all of pathos and all of the more delicate human sympathies into limbo." I do not know certainly what author now acts as go-between for the tender approximations of youth—Dr. Henry van Dyke, I dare say, or some other licensed caterer *virginibus puerisque*; the fashion of taste changes, and old favorites are discarded, but there remains the audience, "forever panting and forever young."

The real danger is that the name of "Ik Marvel," the dreamer, should quite eclipse the more substantial author, for it is true that Mr. Mitchell, as he says rather plaintively, has "written very much better books, every way, since that time," though the world of book-buyers will not hear it. Perhaps the handsome new edition of his works* will bring that fickle world to its senses. I hope so, for Mr. Mitchell represents that rare figure in American letters, the gentleman amateur, whom it is good to honor. Yet it must be confessed that a full half of his volumes are but tenuous things to stand against the trade-winds of oblivion. One cannot feel easy, for instance, about those six volumes of light talk on English and American literature. One might recommend them as pleasant schooling for the young, were it not that Mr. Mitchell shows the amateur's dread of stating simple facts. They presuppose too much knowledge for the beginner, and they are not solid enough critically for the mature. Nor can one be quite sure of his fiction. I profess myself able to read "Dr. Johns," at least the greater part of it, with a kind of pious delight, but I am doubtful of its power over those who have not been baptized in the clear, cool springs of New England tradition. Too many readers, I fear, will be like the sinner of the story, who wrote to the saintly minister from his wanderings:

> I shall never forget the cheery joyousness of that little family scene at your fireside, the winning modesty and womanliness of your lost Rachel, and the serenity and peace that lay about your household. It was to me, fresh from the vices of Europe, like some charming Christian idyl, in whose atmosphere I felt myself not only an alien, but a profane intruder.

The first half of the book is indeed a charming Christian idyl, belonging to that little backwater from the world's current where frail plants open and send out their aroma and fade away in the still shade. It requires more intellectual abstinence than most of us possess to relish fully the savor of this old idealized New England. The passions of life have no place in this sheltered retreat, and when in the course of events these break upon the scene the tale loses its amulet of reticence and becomes only futile.

II.

It is by his more personal works Mr. Mitchell will be remembered for a while, by his chapters of European travel and his pictures of country life at Edgewood. He himself has told us how, when little more than a boy, he was called from working an old Connecticut farm to travel abroad. That was in the forties, when Longfellow's "Hyperion" had set a new model for sentimental reminiscences, and it was inevitable that the traveller on his return should shake out his note-books, kept religiously in shorthand, and give the world a volume of "Gleanings." And the book is well worth reading to-day. France and Austria and Holland were still a land of discovery; it was still possible to wonder at the gay wicked life of the Parisians who had no knowledge of "our glorious Saxon home-spirit"; the roads of Illyria led even further into the kingdom of romance than they do now; and the Dutchman was always placid and steeped in tobacco. Your traveller was not ashamed to muse over a bunch of flowers given him by a pretty waiting-maid, as he was bold enough to confess that he had often "drained a good tankard of home-brewed, and felt [himself]—not a whit the worse for it" (only a dash could prepare the reader for the enormity of such a confession). Well, innocence for innocence, sentiment for sentiment, I prefer the sunny romance of Latin and Italian coloring Mr. Mitchell's memoirs to the nebulous fog of Teutonism that drifts through the pages of "Hyperion." That is my foible, if you will, but the companion who can beguile me through Europe with scraps of the classical poets we learned at school, has made me his humble servant forever after. "The clouds thickened gradually into darkness," says Mr. Mitchell at the beginning of his book, "for the sun was down;—*ponto nox incubat atra*—black night brooded on the waters; the very half line came to me, as I sat hugging the low bulwarks, and gasping between the gusts." With so Virgilian a comrade I protest I can cross even the Channel without bickering. And how shall I quarrel with a friend who quotes Tacitus and Juvenal to me at Lyons; or at Vaucluse reminds me of "some heart-killing Laura in his Homeland" in the language of Petrarch—"nelle *medesime dolenti parole*"; or excuses his surrender of alms to a pretty beggar-maid with the old tag, "Semper causa est, cur ego semper amem"? We have lost this trick of easy, high-bred quotation, and the world is a shabbier place thereby. To go about with Virgil and Horace in one's mind is to travel as a gentleman, and justifies a little contempt for the contemporaneity of the intellectual upstart.

III.

At the age of thirty-three, having travelled extensively, and seen something of consular service, having, in orthodox fashion, jilted the law for literature, Mr. Mitchell bought an estate outside of New Haven and settled down for the rest of his life as a gentleman farmer. The result of this experience we have in three slender volumes "Wet Days at Edgewood," "My Farm at Edgewood," and "Out-of-Town Places"—by all odds his most successful literary work, because here the strain of amateurishness is the very pith and marrow of the theme. And the best of these is the first. One may cavil at his language sometimes, at his "ruralities" and "ruralisms"—horrid words; one may wish that he showed more respect for our ignorance, and dealt more liberally with elementary facts, but, after all, what a delight it is to have so genial an exponent of this long line of farm and garden writers from Hesiod down to the authority of yesterday:

> In that corner of my library which immediately flanks the east window is bestowed a motley array of farm-books; there are fat ones in yellow vellum; there are ponderous folios and stately dedications to some great man we never heard of; there are thin tractates in ambitious type, which promised, fifty years and more ago [a hundred and more, now] to overset all the established methods of farming; there is Jethro Tull, in his irate way, thrashing all down his columns the effete Virgilian husbandry; there is the sententious talk of Cato, the latinity of Columella, and some little musty *duodecimo*, hunted down upon the quays of Paris, with such title as "Comes Rusticus"; there is the first thin quarto of Judge Buel's "Cultivator"—since expanded into the well-ordered stateliness of the "Country Gentleman"; there are black-letter volumes of Barnaby Googe, and books compiled by the distinguished "Captain Garvase Markhame"; and there is Xenophon flanked by a Hesiod, and the heavy Greek squadron of the "Geoponics." I delight immensely in taking an occasional wet-day talk with these old worthies.

What names and what memories! How Barnaby Googe and Jethro Tull smack of the fat English soil; how deep a furrow of the mind has been left by the effete Virgilian husbandry! And there are other names that take their proper place in the papers that follow—Horace and all the poets who have retired from the city to their *modus agri non ita magnus*, even Boileau, who, according to his gardener, had no eyes for growing trees though he would have been keen enough for the crop if St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom had been planted; Italians of the Renaissance

*The Works of Donald G. Mitchell. Edgewood Edition, in fifteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who joined the arts of ploughing and of living; philosophers and exiled princes, and all who have gained the world by losing it. "To be a husbandman," says Cowley, for whom Mr. Mitchell might have found a niche in his long gallery of honor—"to be a husbandman is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world, or, rather, a retreat from the world as it is man's into the world as it is God's. But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella calls it, 'Res sine dubitatione proxima et quasi consanguinea sapientiæ—the nearest neighbor, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy.'"

IV.

It is not Mr. Mitchell's literary cunning we admire so much, although he has shown considerable art in weaving together his own farm experiences with these studies of his forebears, and has weighted the whole with allusions to the civil war that, while he wrote, was calling our young men from the plough as it had taken them in the days of Virgil:

> Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
> Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

Yet it is not his art we admire so much as the life he describes. "Nature," he says, summing up the profit of his labors, "has solemnized the marriage of the beautiful with the practical," and inevitably we compare this union of practice and contemplation with the saunterings of Thoreau and Emerson and others, who desired the romantic alone in nature and scorned laborious days. The comparison of their books may be misleading, for the Concord men were far above our gentleman farmer in the persuasive use of words; to make the point clear we should turn rather to more authoritative names, such as Wordsworth and Virgil. What, after all, is the lesson of the "Excursion," and how does it stand in naked veracity beside the "Georgics"? How does that "virgin passion of a soul, Communing with the glorious universe" measure against the Roman's sober sense of toilsome duty? Wordsworth has compressed his reading of life into one melodious stanza:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can—

which, be it said with due respect, is good verse but literal folly. Nor does it yet appear a fact that idle wandering in the fields is better for a man's soul than the discipline of Plato and Jesus. Certainly such is not the teaching of Virgil:

> Labor omnia vicit
> Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas. . . .
> Omnia quae multo ante memor provisa repones,
> Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

We are but *durum genus*, sprung from the soil, and only through harsh labor and faithful hoarding of experience shall we make our own the glory of the divine country.

V.

And so I return to our lesser philosophers of New England and say boldly that more of the true wisdom of nature is to be found in Mr. Mitchell's story of Edgewood than in "Walden." I know the canniness of Emerson's "Apology":

> Think me not unkind and rude
> That I walk alone in grove and glen;
> I go to the god of the wood
> To fetch his word to men.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> One harvest from thy field
> Homeward brought the oxen strong;
> A second crop thine acres yield,
> Which I gather in a song.

But is the implication really sound? Nay, I doubt that the honest ploughman may carry back from the fields, buried deep in his heart and unexpressed, a masculine acquaintance with natural law such as the gazing rhapsodist shall never possess. Perhaps, as a child of the city, I may be barred out from judging these high matters. Yet I too have had my share of Thorellian vagabondage—who has not in these days?—and have even relived in humbler fashion the experiment of Walden. I know how easy it is to wander by the river's brink, meditating on the eternities, or to discover gospels in the chalice of a flower. Doubtless these solitary communings with nature are a desirable antidote to the fever of the world; they have their incalculable reward, but their very facility is a warning not to trust them too far. For my part, I shall suspect always that, failing the initiation of plough and harrow, I have still come short of the greater mysteries. It is something to observe idly the miracles of spring, but I read the opening of the "Georgics" and know how far this is from the joy of feeling one's self a partner in the great task of renovation. It is something to watch with unconcern the tempestuous glory of the clouds, but again I remember the storm in Virgil and know how different are the emotions of one who spells his prosperity or ruin in the portents of the sky. Alas, *labor improbus!* it is not facile enthusiasm alone, but the curse-born sweat of the brow that shall at last bring a man into harmony with the stern realities of nature. And even where unremitting toil benumbs the fancy to the dulness of the day, there is left the wholesome instinct of the earth. Mr. Mitchell himself reduces this virtue to the lowest point:

> Rural life offers charming objects of study; but to most minds it does not offer the promptings for large intellectual exertion. It ripens healthfully all the receptive faculties; it disposes to that judicial calmness of mind which is essential to clearness and directness of vision; but it does not kindle the heat of large and ambitious endeavor. Hence we often find that a man who has passed the first half of his life in comparative isolation, cultivating his resources quietly, unmoved by the disturbances and the broils of civic life, will, on transfer to public scenes, and stirred by that emulation which comes of contact with the world, feel all his faculties lighted with a new glow, and accomplish results which are as much a wonder to himself as to others.

We go out, poor children of the city, to scamper up the mountain paths or loiter on the seashore, or mayhap, being country-bred, we make a profession of studying and discoursing nature. But never in this way, I believe, shall we possess the strength and silent instinct of the soil that are nurtured by working with the forces of earth and air, or the deeper yet still unuttered understanding that rewards such labor when crowned by observation and reading.

I do not know the full story of Mr. Mitchell's own life, or how far he has shared the common lot of evil and disappointment in his eighty-five years; I should not care to knock at the door of Edgewood and beg his acquaintance, for, gentle to all the rest of the world, he bristles with irascibility at the mere mention of editor or critic; but it is impossible to think of him otherwise than as rich in content, enjoying the harvest of a well-ploughed mind, sitting at this moment, it may be, amid his many books of husbandry, by the window that looks out over his farm, over the spires and belfries of New Haven, to the gleaming line of water and the lighthouse yonder upon the point. May we not once more, in taking leave of Mr. Mitchell, make use of the poet he has himself so often quoted, and liken his state to that of Virgil's old man of Tarentum who, in the possession of a few acres of exacting land, equalled in spirit the wealth of kings. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE HILPRECHT CASE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of January 23, on the Hilprecht case, is much to the point, but, if you will permit me to say so, it is in one respect beside the point as far as the "signers" are concerned. As one of those who signed the memorial to Professor Hilprecht, and also as an officer of the American Oriental Society, I should like to emphasize the following facts before supplementing your editorial with a suggestion which would, if carried out, settle the whole "Hilprecht case" in a week. The first fact is that the American Oriental Society has taken no action whatever in regard to the controversy or investigation. Whatever has been said and written by members has been said or written by them as individuals, unofficially united in a group for the purpose of writing to Professor Hilprecht, but at no time as representatives speaking in the name of the society or of its directors. The second fact is, to the signers of the letter, also one of importance. You say in your editorial that "the report of the trustees exonerating Professor Hilprecht has generally been regarded as a mere piece of whitewashing." However the report may be regarded by others, the signers of the letter to Professor Hilprecht have no quarrel with the University of Pennsylvania, or any wish to imply that the trustees thereof did not do their moral duty as they saw it. They neither have made nor do make any charges against any member of the trustees or against the trustees as a body. Their matter is with Professor Hilprecht alone. From him they still desire satisfactory answers to their queries.

Professor Hilprecht now purposes to publish a volume upon the subject. But, as your editorial very truly says, "the easier and more direct way would be for Professor Hilprecht to prepare an explicit answer to the specific questions covering the main issues." You do not formulate the questions that have been asked; the public has doubtless forgotten them. But they are short

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and easy questions to answer, and it is to be feared that, in publishing a great mass of extraneous matter on the history of the case, Professor Hilprecht may lose sight of the main issues, and that the voluminous material may of itself blind the eyes of the public to the fact that all that is required of Professor Hilprecht is to answer to the best of his ability these short and easy questions:

(1.) Were the tablets, etc., found at Nippur?
(2.) Were they not purchased or found elsewhere, and at a time prior to 1900?
(3.) Were they not published by Professor Hilprecht as Nippur finds of 1900?
(4.) Were not the boxes of finds at Nippur boxed up prior to the arrival of Professor Hilprecht as director in 1900?
(5.) If boxed up prior to Professor Hilprecht's arrival, in March, 1900, why has Professor Hilprecht published accounts implying that he had previously seen them, and that he was present when they were found?

It is not a question of the *existence* of a library at Nippur. The question is only in regard to Professor Hilprecht's method in establishing such a library's existence, and in regard to his own part in the discovery. He has used as matter illustrative of the contents of the Nippur library certain tablets, *not one of which came from the site of the library*. What did Professor Hilprecht mean exactly, when he declared that he purchased at Nippur the "letter to Lushtamar," which was really purchased by some one else at Bagdad? Professor Hilprecht must see that he stands under a very dark cloud of suspicion, and that equivocation and evasion are not the means to lighten it. This is no local issue. There has been no combination of scholars to attack one of their number. The signers of the letter to Professor Hilprecht represent American scholarship. The scholars of both Europe and America would rejoice to have definite answers to the definite questions addressed to him; they do not want to believe that an able Oriental scholar has represented things which were found at one place as found at another; represented things as *found* at Nippur which had been *bought* years before. The publication of irrelevant matter in a stout volume will not do these scholars any good, nor will it do Professor Hilprecht any good. A brief specific reply to each of the specific questions asked would not take long to prepare. There is no need of many words. To the questions asked nearly two years ago no reply satisfactory to any Oriental scholar has ever been given.

E. Washburn Hopkins.

Yale University, February 1.

THE WORD "BENDS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think I can answer the inquiry of your correspondent in your issue of January 30, regarding the origin of the word "bends," as applied to caisson disease.

In 1869-72 the three piers of the famous Eads (now called St. Louis) bridge were sunk. Though not the first, they were at that time the deepest sunk on the pneumatic principle, and the caisson disease was then first closely observed and intelligently treated. The physiological effects of the air pressure in the caisson manifested themselves only when the men reached the open air. I was then the general manager of the bridge company, and had ample opportunity to notice the men so affected. As they came up they would, with a suffering expression in their faces, hold their hands against their stomach, bend over, and, in a curved attitude, walk slowly and painfully to shore.

At that period there was a fashion among the women to walk with a bend, heads and shoulders thrown forward, and to emphasize this attitude by a tightening of the skirts across the knees and by wearing a wire cushion, stuffed and covered with various materials, called a "bustle." This fashion of walking was derisively called the "Grecian Bend." Our workmen, those who were well, when they saw one of their comrades coming up with the described symptoms of caisson disease, would laughingly exclaim: "He has got the Grecian Bend!" and, for years, so long as the sinking of the piers lasted, the disease retained its popular designation as "Grecian Bend." As these expert workmen migrated and went to other bridges, tunnels, and submarine work, they carried that name along with them, only, in the course of time, dropping the "Grecian" and retaining only the "bend." Prof. C. M. Woodward, the engineer historian of the Eads bridge, speaks, in the caisson chapters, of this disease, its origin, and treatment, as "commonly called the Grecian Bend."

W. T.

St. Louis, February 1.

"PIERCE PENNILESS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An English proverb, one of many in John Lydgate's "Order of Fools," furnishes a possible clue to the name of Pierce Penniless in Thomas Nash's satire (1592), entitled, "Pierce Penniless, His Supplication to the Divell" (printed by Collier, Grosart, and in the recent Oxford edition 1902-5). The proverb runs (line 104):

Purs penylees in plees may never thee.

The "purse penniless" of the proverb may have become "Pierce Penniless," on the analogy of "Piers Plowman." It should be remembered that the old pronunciation of *Pierce* is identical with *purse*, as is shown in the New England family name, still pronounced like *purse*.

Henry Noble MacCracken.

Oxford, January 28.

"PRACTICAL" STUDIES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I revert once more to the question of women's education, in order to illustrate the utterance of a sage by the remark of a babe and suckling?

At a recent convention in Boston, President Eliot, while courteously admitting that women faint no more than men in pursuing the same college studies, prophesied that in the future they are rather to direct their attention to courses which will enable them properly to nurture and to admonish children, either their own or those of other people.

I have recently been making a visit in a small town in Maine. There I met a woman whose father was a day laborer, whose husband is a carpenter, and who has four very young children. She belongs to a club, which studies with genuine diligence, and at present is devoting two winters to French history. I said to her that I thought it was wonderful that, with her family of babies, she could find time to write papers and to read so many books. Her surprised answer put me to shame: "But it is just because of my children that I must read. I am determined that they shall not have to look for such pleasures outside of their home as I have had to."

In this country most fathers are forced by their occupations to spend the greater part of each day away from their homes, leaving to mothers the more intimate companionship with their children. The results of such companionship must be mental as well as physical, if the American home is to become the cradle of American citizenship. Precisely because many of us agree with President Eliot that to women chiefly is entrusted the care of the rising generation, we should deplore the entrance into their colleges of child study, and dietary courses, to the exclusion of Greek and astronomy, of history and literature. Man does not live by bread and milk alone.

Anne C. E. Allinson.

Providence, R. I., January 3.

COLLEGE MEN IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "Elres," in the *Nation* of January 9, has set forth among other things the usual doctrine concerning the preparation of teachers for the public schools. It is quite true, as he says, that in the elementary school the child recites in all subjects to one teacher, usually a woman, and that the youth in the high school recites in each subject to a different teacher, who is a college graduate and, more and more commonly, a man. At least this is the goal toward which the better public schools seem to have been for a long time striving.

Now it seems to me extremely important that this doctrine that only college graduates should be permitted to give instruction in the last four grades of a public school while anybody may teach in the eight grades below should never be urged in such fashion as to make a college man consider himself out of place in elementary work if he feels a call to it and the community is willing to retain such superior service. Formerly many college-bred men (always meaning men and women) were found in the rural and elementary schools, from which they are deplorably absent now. In my youth I attended a district school in which, in addition to the "three R's," geometry and Latin were taught, and usually by a college graduate. In a neighboring city there were at that time more teachers of college training in the elementary schools than there are to-day, although population and wealth have increased nearly eight-fold. I refer distinctly to teaching and not to school administration.

The late lamented Prof. William Harold Payne, in his "Contributions to Education" (Harpers, 1886), was one of the earlier writers in this country to urge a specialization of function among public school teachers. His discussion of this question had a curious practical result in the West,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not, I am sure, anticipated or desired by him. It had, of course, little effect upon the high school corps, which had always, and properly, been recruited from the colleges, but it made college men feel out of place in the rural or the elementary schools where they had previously been found in considerable numbers. I kept for a time a large bundle of letters from college-bred people who were bewildered and offended by this attitude toward elementary instruction which they had previously thought honorable and had found remunerative and congenial. Abundant statistics go to show that about this time college men began to withdraw from this field, with a consequent relative decline in the consideration and salary accorded to elementary teaching. It is true that the case would be greatly improved if, with "Elres," we could divide the twelve grades of a public school into two departments instead of the three at present generally recognized.

We need college men in the high school not so much on account of their superior information, though this is important, as for their broader views, higher ideals, and finer temper. And the lower schools need the same kind of men—at least enough to set the pace—for the same reason. Our elementary schools have many excellences, but are wanting in tone. The teachers are devoted but often need the authority and social acceptance, such as a residence at college would give. Even if we take up that great unsolved problem of the public school as a preparatory school we but emphasize the same view. For it is the public school as a whole and not the high school alone which prepares for college. The main objections made against the public school as a preparatory school have reference to the elementary work. Mention is made of poor English, low ideals, bad habits of study, and general slovenliness of work which are intolerable to an educated man and which only educated men can drive out. A concerted effort to improve the tone of all grades of our public schools is in order if they are to hold their place as preparatory schools.

E. A. STRONG.

Ypsilanti, Mich., January 28.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for this spring the second and concluding volume of "The Victorian Chancellors," by J. B. Atlay. From the same house will come "In Greece with the Classics," by W. A. Gardner.

"A Good Shepherd and Other Sermons," by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., rector of Grace Church, New York, is to be reissued by Thomas Whittaker in a cheap and popular form.

The official life of the seventh Duke of Rutland, the Lord John Manners of political annals, is to be written by Charles Whibley. This promises to be a work of considerable interest, as Mr. Whibley writes with a light hand. Another biography under way is of Alexander Pope by Miss E. M. Symonds ("George Paston"), whose last work was a life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Both writers ask permission to copy any unpublished documents pertaining to their themes.

M. Sturge Henderson's study of "George Meredith: Novelist, Poet, Reformer" (Scribner's) offers further evidence of what every reader with his nose to the wind must have felt for some time, that Meredith is rapidly displacing Browning as the advanced prophet of literature. And the large amount of space given by Mr. Henderson to Meredith's poetry adds cogency to such an estimation of the running of the two *vates*. "Meredith, however," says our critic, "twenty, thirty, and forty years ago, sought to give poetical expression to ideas which are only now dawning upon the general consciousness, and which will only be common property twenty, thirty, forty years to come." Such a statement, one must admit, is a little discomfiting to meet in a book of criticism. It raises expectations of some recondite philosophy which, when mastered, will throw a burst of light on the dark tangle of human fate. Naturally disappointment ensues when this esotoric doctrine is found to be only our old friend—or perhaps in things spiritual, enemy—evolution. Earth, in Meredith's scheme, is a mystic symbol for the union of man and nature, man rising by grades of progress from his animal instincts to the dominion of mind, yet, on peril of losing health and strength, carrying with him the source from which he springs. It should really seem to need no Daniel to unravel such a metaphysic. Yet the insistence on this philosophy tends, against the desire of the critic, to exaggerate the weak side of Meredith—and of Browning—as a writer. His novels, and to an even greater degree his poems, lose in artistic effect because their intellectual intention, whether profound or superficial, predominates over instinctive perception and imagination. To dwell overmuch on this aspect of his work is thus to lead the reader to ask why he should have chosen the forms of art for his medium. For those, however, who feel no inhibition to their spontaneous pleasure in such an analysis, Mr. Henderson's study may be heartily recommended. It is thoroughly informed and cleverly executed. Nor with all his admiration does he fail to observe and note the deficiencies in Meredith as an artist. Thus, he concludes:

> It argues no lack of appreciation of this rich intellectual endowment to say that, when Meredith's achievement is estimated as a whole, it occupies a secondary place. His inspiration appears to lie in his poetic grasp, the intensity of realization with which he holds to the main issue and keeps it living, in defiance of the tangles of complexity he is for ever weaving every side of it, and which might have been expected to prove fatal to the life within.

Two doctoral theses of the English department of Columbia University (published by The Macmillan Co.) deserve notice both for the value of the material brought together and, to a certain extent, for their qualities of judgment. One is a study of "Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature," by Margaret Ball, a thorough examination of that writer's work from a point of view commonly neglected. Her chapter showing the position of Scott midway between the school of Jeffrey and Gifford and that of the new romanticists is judicious, if not very illuminating. The other study, by Lillie Deming Loshe, turns to "The Early American Novel," and discusses the fiction produced in this country from 1789 (the date of Sarah Wentworth Morton's "Power of Sympathy") to 1830, when Cooper was in full swing. Apart from Cooper the most notable figure in this period is Charles Brockden Brown, whose novels are here analyzed and appraised with candor and discrimination.

Kent, as one of the ancient gateways into England, is sufficiently rich in historic associations, but there needs only a glance through Walter Jerrold's "Highways and Byways in Kent" (The Macmillan Co.), with its names of famous authors on every page and its innumerable verse quotations, to see how the literary interest dominates over everything in this respect. No county of England is richer. At the very beginning is the Canterbury of Chaucer and Dickens. Allington Castle is famous for the Wyatts, one of whom, Sir Thomas, introduced the Italian manner into England, and is thus the father of the English literature which we are reading to-day. Gadshill brings up Shakespeare and Dickens; Penshurst still preserves the glorious memories of the Sidneys; Boughton Malherbe was the birthplace and always the spot beloved of that diplomat and scholar, Sir Henry Wotton; Deal was the home of Elizabeth Carter; Tunbridge Wells introduces us to half the society and wit of the eighteenth century; Tappington is the country of the "Ingoldsby Legends"—such names might be multiplied indefinitely. Nor are quaint traditions of the soil and the pageantry of kings and tragic queens lacking to fill out the picture. All this Mr. Jerrold has treated with the fulness and fine reminiscent flavor that have made the Highways and Byways series unique among books of travel and description. The illustrations, from drawings by Hugh Thomson, if they have not the topographical exactness of the usual photographic reproductions, possess in themselves a value for the eye, and fit in as a real part of the text. We have praised volumes of this series before, and take pleasure in announcing each new one that appears.

There is large diversity of interest in Scotland's western river as it wanders a clear stream among the hills, flows by the polluted banks of Glasgow, and broadens into the firth. Of this diversity Neil Munro has taken advantage in writing "The Clyde" (The Macmillan Co.), to make a book in which descriptions of nature, reminiscences of old castles, and glimpses of modern industry follow in quick succession. The colored illustrations are from paintings by Mary Y. and J. Young Hunter. They are of the character to which we have become so well accustomed in these picture books—at times clear and almost beautiful, at times a mere daub of crude colors.

The series of Calendars of the Letter Books of the City of London, which Dr. Reginald R. Sharpe has been editing since 1885, has recently been increased by the publication of a new volume, "Letter Book H, Temp. Richard II." The original volumes, thus in process of calendaring, are preserved to-day in the records department of the Town Clerk's Office in the Guildhall, and consist of more than fifty manuscript letter books, A to ZZ, 1275-1688.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their chief value rests on the fact that they begin about 140 years before the Journals of the Common Council and about 220 years before the Repertories of the Court of Aldermen, and contain almost the only remaining records of these courts prior to the commencement of such journals and repertories. They are written on vellum in Latin, Norman-French, and English, and consist of entries of a miscellaneous character, chiefly relating to the City and companies. Extracts from the first nine letter books were published in 1868 by Riley in his "Memorials of London and London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries," a publication of value, but manifestly incomplete. The present series is definitive in that it calendars all the entries without omission. We understand, however, that it is to be discontinued as soon as the period of the Journals and Repertories is reached. The volumes as a whole relate chiefly to the history of the City of London in the Middle Ages, but at times throw light on the history of the kingdom. Letter Book H covers a period of twenty-four years, 1275 to 1399, and furnishes important evidence for the policy of London during the reign of Richard II. and the struggle of the factions supporting Richard and John of Gaunt respectively. In fact, the volume becomes almost an indispensable aid to an understanding of certain phases of the history of the Good Parliament, the condemnation of Lyons and other aldermen, the rise of Nicholas Brembre, and the movement which cost Richard the support of the City. On the other hand, it is provokingly silent on many important matters that should have found mention in the original texts. Such omissions are manifestly due to intention as well as to silence, for in these volumes are traces of mutilation which are clearly the work of hostile factions. Blank leaves seem to indicate also that further entries were planned, but never made. Dr. Sharpe's introduction, which deals solely with the contents of this volume, is a notable contribution to the history of Richard's reign.

The "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal," by Thomas Hughes (Cleveland: Burrows Bros.), forms a section of the great series undertaken by Catholic authority and having for its object a complete history of early Jesuit activity throughout the world. This will account for the fact that Father Hughes's volumes, of which two have appeared, are more limited in scope than the title would indicate. For they are confined to English-speaking North America, excluding the Spanish and French Jesuits, and including Canada only since the English occupation. Thus narrowed in compass, the story of the first volume concerns only Maryland, and is related only to the year 1645. In the second volume are "Documents," from 1605 to 1838, applying to the early history of the missions and to the Jesuit property and its uses in the Maryland and Pennsylvania missions. The materials are drawn almost wholly from Jesuit sources, and the author confesses that a history of the English Jesuit province should first have been published, to which these volumes would have made a fitting continuation. Technically, the most interesting chapters are those which are based on the Jesuit archives, hitherto so little known or used. These archives are imperfect; for the policy of silence adopted by the society has prevented publication, and the persecutions endured have involved extensive losses. It must be admitted that the author has added comparatively little to what was already known of the first years of Maryland's settlement; and the many controversies involved in the purpose and methods of that venture have frequently led him off the main track. Hume, Paley, Blackstone, and Hallam he criticises with some show of feeling, and a few modern writers on Maryland he severely condemns. In a history intended to be "authentic" such animadversions are misplaced. To Cecil Baltimore no commendation is given. He invited the priests to go to the settlement, but made no provision for them; he compelled the Indians, for whom he did nothing, to contribute to his chapel; and he was tricky in his treatment of the fathers and the church property—an "intense feudalist for his own benefit." The charter and acts of the first assemblies are examined minutely to show how hostile Baltimore and his secretary, Lewger, were to the Jesuit interests. The charge that negro slavery was first introduced into Maryland by the Jesuits is stoutly combated.

From E. P. Dutton & Co. we have Robinson Smith's "English Quotations," arranged by authors chronologically. It is mostly verse, only a few prose quotations being included from Bacon, Carlyle, and one or two others. Nor is it quite in the style of the ordinary quotation book, being rather a collection of "elegant extracts." The poetical value of a passage has more weight with the editor than proverbial portability. As such the pages of the volume may be turned over with unflagging interest.

The latest edition of Burke's "Peerage, Baronetcy, and Knightage"—published by Harrison & Sons, London, and distributed here by G. P. Putnam's Sons—is a volume of bulk and weight duly suggestive of the vast accumulation of more or less solid honors, of which it furnishes, on the whole, the most authentic record. With its various prefaces, all packed with information useful to the student of artificial social gradations, it contains more than 2,800 pages, filled with double columns of small and close type. Therein may be found the fullest particulars of the family and standing of every British subject distinguished from his fellows by any sort of title, prefix, or addition. Inasmuch as all the pedigrees printed have been compared with all available public and private records, and have been submitted to the persons most concerned, there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy. "The Peerage," indeed, of Sir Bernard Burke has been accepted for many years as a final authority on such matters, and is invaluable, of course, not only to the mere worshippers of rank and fashion, but often to the historical student. It is a monument of patient research and skilful arrangement, as well as of human vanity.

It is a pity that Horace Bleackley, in writing his "Story of a Beautiful Duchess" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) did not display as much taste as industry. Nothing is more extraordinary in the anecdotal history of the eighteenth century than the sudden burst upon English society of the two beautiful Gunnings, Irish girls of no particular extraction, of whom one, the sprightly and capricious Maria, became Countess of Coventry, and the other, the stately and pensive Elizabeth, became successively Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyle, and just missed by the turn of a lawsuit being the mother of a Duke of Douglas as well. Mr. Bleackley has undertaken to follow Elizabeth through her whole career, and to this end he has caught all the epistolary gossip of the age in his net. And he has gone further than that: in examining the files of the newspapers which lived on the dissemination of scandal, he has opened a practically unexplored field for this kind of biography so much affected at present. Some of the information thus obtained may seem too trivial for repetition, yet, granting the *genre*, one cannot well blame the writer for carrying out its motive to the logical end. If we are to have a description of the masquerade given at the Pantheon, February 18, 1773, and of the meeting there of the Duchess's daughter and the "squat round-faced Lord Stanley" (whence an Iliad of woes), it is well to have that description fortified by details from the *Town and Country Magazine* of the day. And again if we are to read about the rupture that broke the marriage of that ill-assorted couple, we may as well have the scandalous rumors spread by the *Morning Post*, the *Rambler's Magazine*, and the *Town and Country*. At least these details make the society of the day a living, if not always a decorous, reality. Our quarrel is rather with Mr. Bleackley's literary art. He can never mention one of the Gunnings but she is "lovely," "fair," or "beautiful"; his own comments on the life of the times are too often flat and sentimental; he is capable of "sinking" in bathos so far as to say: "The shining cloudland, wreathed by fable around the creatures of the past, invests them with an immortality which the charm of mystery must always allow." It is a pity, we repeat, that honest industry should be marred by such ill taste. So many anecdotal memoirs of the eighteenth century are turned out these days upon the most superficial preparation that we should be glad to commend more heartily a book that is at least thoroughly documented, and, in its substance, not without human value.

"The Life of George Matheson, D.D.," by D. Macmillan (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a most stimulating book. While it is full of lessons for every one, it appeals especially to the young men or women who, laboring under some great physical infirmity, feel that for them an actively useful life is an impossibility. It is the story of a Scotchman who became practically blind at eighteen, yet when he died in 1906, at the age of sixty-four, was the most distinguished man in the Scotch pulpit, and had received the highest academic honors his countrymen could confer on him. For thirty-one years, thirteen of them in one of the largest parishes in Edinburgh, he discharged all the duties of a minister, pulpit and pastoral. He also wrote twenty-two books on devotional, theological, and philosophical subjects, besides being a constant contributor to the magazines. His publish-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed works have had a world-wide circulation, one of them, "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul," having been translated into Chinese. To his brilliant qualities as a preacher and writer he added those of a poet. In almost every hymnal in the English language is to be found the hymn which he said "came to me spontaneously, without conscious effort," after most severe mental suffering, "O Love, that wilt not let me go." His biographer gives a charming picture of the man who bore his burden lightly, gallantly, to the end; a man whose life is perhaps best described in his own words when taking leave of his congregation:

I think that next to the strength of God, and next again to your kind coöperation, I was indebted to my own weakness. . . . My life has been level with your own—an obstructed life, a circumscribed life, but a life of boundless sanguineness, a life of quenchless hopefulness, a life which has beat persistently against the cage of circumstance.

Treatises on homiletics are often of no great depth or value, but an exception must be made in favor of "The Pastoral Teaching of St. Paul: His Ministerial Ideas," by the Rev. W. Edward Chadwick, an Anglican clergyman of Northampton, England, (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The principles, methods, and spirit of the evangelizating endeavors of the great Apostle are submitted to careful examination with a view to securing counsel for ministerial activity in the present day. The temptation in this sort of essay is to let one's feeling for present needs dominate his research into the work of the exemplar, but Dr. Chadwick has evidently studied Paul first, and subsequently applied conscientiously to present needs the principles discovered. The treatise is none the less practical because it is in the first instance a careful piece of Christian biography.

Students of the New Testament will remember a treatise of singular fascination and ability entitled "Silanus the Christian," by Edwin A. Abbott, in which imaginary characters of the second century discuss the problems presented by early Christian life and literature. A sequel to that volume now appears, "Apologia: an Explanation and Defence" (The Macmillan Co.), in which Dr. Abbott replies to his critics, both friendly and hostile, and endeavors to clear away misunderstandings which have arisen in regard to his position. His answers are straightforward and plain, but doubtless many will still be unable to comprehend how he can retain his faith in "the eternal unity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and in the supernatural but non-miraculous incarnation of Jesus as the Son of God," while refusing credence in the miraculous element of the Bible. Further volumes, "Notes on New Testament Criticism" and "Indices to Diatessarica," are promised for the near future.

In February, 1906, at the close of the third Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. John Henry Haynes dug up at Nippur, within the temple area on the northwest side of the *ziggurat*, or step pyramid of the temple, a fine *kudurru*, or boundary stone, of Nebuchadnezzar I., dating from about the middle of the twelfth century B. C., and recording a grant of land to a certain priest connected with the worship of the god Nusku. This stone appears not to have been set originally upon the land granted, as was the ordinary use, but to have been deposited in the temple at Nippur, where the grantee was a high official. In addition to the ordinary contents of a *kudurru* stone—namely, the divine symbols, an account of the circumstances under which the land was granted, a description of the land, a warning against appropriation of the land by any other than the owner, or any interference with the privileges of the owner, an invocation of the gods to mete out punishment to offenders against the warning, curses upon any one removing or destroying the stone itself, and the names of witnesses and date of grant—this stone has two interesting and peculiar features: a map of the land granted and a hymn to Ellil, the Bel, or chief god of Nippur, presumably taken from the liturgical collections of hymns in use at the Nippur temple. This stone has been published by the Rev. Dr. William J. Hinke, assistant professor in Auburn Theological Seminary, and made by him the basis of a discussion of Babylonian boundary stones in general, in Vol. IV., Series D, of the Publications of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, under the title "A New Boundary Stone of Nebuchadnezzar I. from Nippur." It is the fullest discussion up to date of this peculiar class of monument, which seems to have originated with the Cassite dynasty of Babylonia, and to have been almost confined to the Cassite period. The volume contains fifty-one illustrations of boundary stones, the symbols on those stones, inscriptions, and the like. Somewhat more than one-third of the entire volume is devoted to a concordance of names, persons, places, rivers, deities, and symbols contained in the boundary stones heretofore published, and a glossary of the *kudurru* inscriptions in general.

Only ten years have elapsed since Prof. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania published his "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," but in the interval so much has been added to our knowledge in this field that the author already regards his work as antiquated. Accordingly, when a German publisher proposed a translation, Professor Jastrow found himself obliged to rewrite the book, with the exception of the introductory chapters. The German version, "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), has in the process of revision been much enlarged, principally by more specimens of the religious literature, especially the prayers, lamentations, oracles, hymns, and magical formulæ. The original English work was contained in a single thick volume, of almost 800 pages. The German translation is to consist of three volumes, of which the first, 552 pages (the work has been published in parts), was completed more than a year ago, while of the second volume considerably more than half is in the hands of subscribers. In Part xi., just delivered, the author describes his aim to be not to give a history of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion, but "a picture of our present knowledge of that religion." This part continues the treatment of oracles and omens, begun in Part x. These were matters of prime importance in the religious practice of both Babylonians and Assyrians, and the larger part of the library of Ashurbanipal, which is still our chief and almost only source of information, deals with those themes. Many of these texts have been published, but comparatively little has heretofore been done in interpretation. Professor Jastrow, who has subjected them to a new and more thorough study, believes that he has found the key to at least one important subdivision, in the fact that in the inspection of the sacrificial victim to prognosticate the future, only the liver was examined, because this organ was regarded as the seat of life and of the soul. The next two parts, which are to complete the second volume, will deal with the other branches of the omen literature—observations of the heavens, cup magic, treatment of the sick, dreams, and forecasts of the future based on various events and phenomena. A third, supplemental volume, dealing with the mythology, the temples, and the ritual, covering the same field as the last seven chapters of Professor Jastrow's original work, will be published later as one whole, and not in separate parts.

J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen announces as immediately forthcoming from the pen of Prof. Adolf Deissmann of the University of Heidelberg, but now called to Berlin, "Das Neue Testament und die neuentdeckten Texte der griechisch-römischen Welt."

The series of conservative discussions of Biblical and religious problems known as Beiträge zur Förderung christlicher Theologie, edited by Prof. A. Schlatter of Tübingen and Prof. W. Lütgert of Halle, appears in its volume for 1907 in four parts, each of which is sold separately. The most noteworthy features are the late Prof. Fr. Blass's examination of the recent works of Prof. A. Harnack on the Lukean writings and Professor Schlatter's examination of modern doubts on the Messianic character of Jesus. The series is published by C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh.

An appeal has been published, signed by Pastor Gustav Tschirn of Breslau, chairman of the Association of Liberal Churches in Germany, as also of the Free-Thinkers' Union, by Dr. Heinrich Schmidt of Jena, the general secretary of the Monistenbund, and by Dr. Rudolf Penzig of Charlottenburg, the general secretary of the German Society for Ethical Culture, calling a convention of representatives of all organizations advocating radical religious thought, to meet in Weimar for the purpose of effecting a *Zusammenschluss der freien Geister*. The purpose is advocacy of advanced religious thought.

"Menschen, die den Pfad verloren" is the title of a contribution to modern social problems (Stuttgart: Max Kliemann). It is the report of Sister Henriette Arendt on her work among the fallen women of Stuttgart, where she has been coöperating with the authorities as the first woman police assistant in Germany. The report covers five years, and is accompanied by proposals of reform that have grown out of actual experience. The introduction is written by Pastor Friedrich Naumann.

"Per Aspera ad Astra: Lebenskampf" is the title of a new and readable importation of G. E. Stechert & Company. As the subtitle, "Schicksale eines ehemaligen Offiziers in America," indicates, it presents the experience of a German gentleman,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formerly an officer in the Prussian army, who came to America in 1893 to seek his fortune, and who was scarcely able, for a long time, to keep body and soul together. The narrative is given in letters to near relatives, dated chiefly from Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Harrisburg, in each of which places the writer contested for existence, suffering intensely from hunger and cold; slaving as iron-moulder, coachman, picture-vender, life insurance agent, and farina packer; and slowly making his way up to be an associate-editor (of an anti-Kaiser Socialist sheet), *Herr Professor* in a language school, and finally instructor of German in a young ladies' seminary. The volume is attractive for its evident truthfulness and the moderate and friendly tone in which the author discusses American institutions and contemporary events. Not that the *Auswanderer* lost his affection for the associations of home and the Fatherland: his letters are full of longing for friends and scenes left behind, of intelligent interest in social and political movements in Germany. Every such book is sure of a wide welcome, particularly in America, for its story is but the echo of an Odyssey familiar to thousands of immigrants who have become desirable citizens.

It was well known to the friends of Berthold Auerbach that this popular poet and novelist intended to write his autobiography; and after his death there were found among his papers many miscellaneous notes containing recollections of his grandparents and records of his early childhood, none of which, however, were in a form suitable for publication. Even if the material had been put into proper shape, so as to furnish a consecutive narrative, the result would have given no information concerning that portion of his life and career in which the public were chiefly interested. The disappointment then so keenly felt will now be somewhat alleviated by the appearance of Anton Bettelheim's "Berthold Auerbach," just published by Cotta, Stuttgart. The author is an Austrian favorably known for his biographical sketches of his contemporaries, Ludwig Anzengruber and Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. In his critical survey of Auerbach's literary activity and productivity he shows a fine appreciation of the eight volumes of "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," in which the peasants of the German Black Forest are described. The biography presents a remarkable fulness of detail without lapsing into undue diffuseness; and Bettelheim's strong admiration does not prevent him from being impartial in expressing what he deems Auerbach's weak points both as a man and as a writer.

Statistics compiled by the State Education Department, show that of villages in this State having from 1,000 to 2,000 population, forty-three maintain free libraries. The total population of these villages is 62,169, their total stock of books 150,432 volumes, their circulation 350,852 volumes. The annual cost of maintenance is $23,130, of which only $7,710 is received from local taxation, the balance from invested funds, State grants, or proceeds from entertainments, private gifts, or membership fees. A comparison of the showing made by the whole group with that of city libraries ministering to equal populations, indicates that, in spite of scanty support and insignificant salaries these village libraries are far in the lead of those operating in cities, both in their per capita supply of books and in the number of volumes issued. Thus, the population of the group is almost exactly that of Utica. For building, equipment, quality of staff, and public support the Utica Public Library is among the first of its class in the United States; yet these village libraries, with only a quarter as much tax support, and no trained librarians, have accumulated a stock of books three times as large as that of Utica and issue about two and a half times as many books a year.

In April last Henry Sotheran & Co., the London booksellers, issued a catalogue of an important collection of English literature, but the name of the former owner was not made public. The list included a set of the four folios of Shakespeare (priced at £7,000), several quartos, and other important items. Many of these books are now turning up for sale at auction at Sotheby's, March 20 and 21, as the library of the late Rt. Rev. John Gott, sold by order of the executors. Only one of the Shakespeare quartos ("The Merchant of Venice," Roberts, 1600) is in the sale catalogue, but the four folios will be offered. The first is a perfect copy, but small (12½ by 7⅞ inches), the leaf of verses preceding the title page is extended on the inner margin, the last leaf is remargined with four letters in facsimile, and a few other leaves are mended. The third folio is the 1663 issue, without the portrait on title, and without the seven spurious plays at the end. The second and fourth folios are good copies with the common imprints. Among other notable volumes are Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1566-67, large paper, described as unique; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, earliest issue of the first edition; Spenser's "Complaints," 1591, large paper, and his "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595; "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667; Halle's "Chronicles." first edition, 1548; the Coverdale Bible, 1535 (the first Bible in English); two editions of the "Great" Bible, 1539 and 1541; a long series of editions of the Book of Common Prayer; Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages," 1582 (lacking the maps); and Caxton's first edition of "The Golden Legend."

Dr. Albert Harrison Mixer, professor emeritus of modern languages at the University of Rochester, died at his home last Friday at the age of eighty-five. He was a member of the original faculty of the university in 1850, and taught there forty-two years. He was the author of a "Manual of French Poetry" and a "Manual of French Pronunciation."

The death is announced from Weimar of Julius von Eckardt at the age of seventy-one. Dr. Eckardt, a Livonian by birth, came to Germany in 1867 as an assistant of Freytag in editing the *Grenzboten*. In 1882 he entered the state service of Prussia under Bismarck, and was consul at Tunis, Marseilles, Stockholm, and elsewhere. He was the author of several works on Russia and Livonia, and he is supposed to have written "Berlin-Wien-Rom," 1892, which caused something of a sensation.

Dr. Heinrich Hübschmann, professor of comparative philology at the University of Strasburg, has died at the age of fifty-nine. His works include "Die Umschreibung der Iranischen Sprachen und der Armenischen," "Das indogermanische Vokalsystem," and other studies of the kind.

Auguste Lepage, historian and journalist, has died at the age of seventy-two. Among his works are "Histoire de la Commune," Recits sur l'histoire d'Alsace et de Lorraine," and "Les Sièges héroiques."

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

A Life of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. By T. E. S. Clarke and H. C. Foxcroft. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A recent life of peace-ingeminating Falkland called attention to the fate of a moderate caught between the furious extremes of royalists and parliamentarians in the civil war; the present volume is the study of one who in like manner attempted to steer between the party passions of Tory and Whig in the succeeding period. We may say, "in like manner," though nothing could be more diverse than the temper of the two men and the results of their "trimming." Falkland, sensitive in nature, loving peace and the quiet fruits of study, leaning, when forced to take part, toward the weaker side, ending his life despairingly at Newbury, has been lifted up as a martyr to reasonableness by such writers as Matthew Arnold and his late biographer; whereas Burnet, boisterously active yet with strange passing whims for ascetic seclusion, the most impudent of men, yet struck at times by moods of self-debasing modesty, a non-partisan in theory, yet ending as a violent Whig, a believer in celibacy, yet thrice married (always to an heiress), has passed into history as the buffoon of the Revolution. It is the contrast of tragedy and comedy. Taking as subject a fire that occurred in Burnet's study in 1713, Parnell hit off his character in a couplet:

Then roars the prophet of the Northern Nation,
Scorched by a flaming speech on moderation.

Burnet, through his histories and other innumerable writings, is one of the best-known men of his age, but the very bulk of the material, and his impulsive self-contradictions make such a biography as the present difficult and desirable. It may be said that the joint authors have accomplished their task admirably; they have produced a book that is at once documented at every step, and thoroughly interesting. They have both faced the weaknesses of Burnet's character without flinching, yet have avoided party prejudice. Mr. Clarke is the minister of Saltoun, where Burnet officiated as a young man from 1665 to 1669; he has written the life down to Burnet's appointment in London in 1674. If any comparison is to be made, this first section is the more entertaining of the two. With marked skill Mr. Clarke has set forth the disturbed state of the Scotch church in those days; the divers family influences that moulded Burnet's character, thrown between a father of pacific temper and episcopal leanings, and a mother who belonged to the uncompromising Presbyterian Johnstons of Annandale; the education and travels of the son Gilbert during the troubled years before and just after the restoration; his activity at Saltoun, and his still more prodigious activ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity for four and a half years as professor of theology at Glasgow.

The larger part of his life, including his ministry in London, his episcopacy at Salisbury, and political career fall to Miss Foxcroft, who is particularly qualified for the task. Her biography of the first Marquis of Halifax, while somewhat heavy-paced, showed how judiciously she could follow the path of a "trimmer" through the labyrinth of restoration and revolution politics; her edition of "A Supplement to Burnet's History of His Own Times" still further prepared her for this other "trimmer" of the age. Like her "Halifax," the present work moves at times, especially toward the close, a little slowly, and lacks, when the author departs from quotation, the faculty of nimble, telling portraiture. It is deficient on the human side, and one is surprised, for example, that not a word is said of Burnet's friendship for Lady Mary Wortley, who made her translation of Epictetus under the guidance of the great Whig bishop. Other touches of this kind are omitted which might lighten Miss Foxcroft's chapters. On the other hand, her political sense is almost unerring, and her characterization, while never brilliant, is remarkably clear and just. It is not a little thing for an Englishman or woman to deal thus impartially with these fountainheads of English politics.

And if she makes no pretensions to the brilliance of Macaulay or Lecky, she at least offers all the materials for the portrait of one of the oddest and most interesting characters in English history. The mainsprings of that character are open to view—an invincible egotism and a no less invincible vitality, which together made the impression of himself upon others a peremptory need of his nature. Never lived a man who gave more advice. He could not meet king, priest, or peasant, but forthwith he began to admonish. When the meetings with Charles II. in the backstair apartments of Chiffinch—sandwiched between less reputable assignations, we fear—were not sufficient, he sent a letter to that long-suffering monarch, warning him that only a change of his own heart and of his course of life could avert impending troubles. King Charles, it is said, read the letter twice, and then, without a word, threw it into the fire. William suffered no less than Charles; Mary endured his interminable lectures even graciously, but the young Duke of Gloucester, who was delivered over to the prelate for instruction, was talked and lessoned into an early grave. When in Paris Burnet was summoned by the unsuspecting *grand monarque* to Versailles, where, says a horrified Frenchman, although he "spoke the French tongue very ill . . . his confidence and assurance bore him fully out, and he talked for ever and as much before the king as in his own room." The distressed courtier remonstrated; but "Burnet did not amend, and the king bore all." One can forgive him all for his blundering *bon mot* to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was asking him the reason of Belisarius's—and by implication her husband's—disgrace. Madame, replied the innocent bishop, he had "a brimstone of a wife."

In the pulpit his egotism and activity, with the resulting proneness for admonishing, had full swing, and as a preacher Burnet was a real power. How carefully he prepared for this office he has himself told—as he has told everything else:

> I read the Scripture with great application to get a great deal of it by heart, and accustomed myself as I was riding or walking to repeat parcels of it. I went through the Bible to consider all the texts proper to be preached on, and studied to understand the literal meaning of the words. . . . I accustomed myself on all occasions to form my meditations into discourse, and spoke aloud what occurred to my thoughts. I went over the body of Divinity frequently . . . and found a way of explaining every part of it in the easiest and clearest way I could, and I spent a great part of every day in talking over to myself [he thus suffered equally with Charles and William and Louis XIV.] *my thoughts of these matters.* But that which helped me most was that I studied to live in frequent recollection, observing myself, and the chain of thoughts that followed all good or bad inclinations, and thus by a course of meditation and prayer I arrived at a great readiness in preaching that has continued ever with me from that time.

No wonder that once at the Rolls Chapel, in London, when he had preached out the hour-glass and turned it over for another hour, the audience "set up almost a shout for joy." That was not the modern preacher or the modern audience.

Politically, Burnet's ardent temper was a traitor to his judgment. In theory he was an avowed Erastian and believer in non-resistance, but when the policy of James II. brought him the choice of muzzled compliance or rebellion, his temper won the day, and by slow degrees brought him to a stanch maintainer of church independence and political revolt—when circumstances brought religion and state into jeopardy. The inconsistency may be excused, perhaps, as more a matter of degree than of substance. But it brought upon Burnet not only the odium that always attends the middle course in times of heated prejudices, but also laid him open, unjustly, to charges of self-seeking apostacy. It is not a light matter to be accused at once of "trimming" and time-serving. "He strode a bespattered pilgrim through the miry ways of this sublunary world," impulsive, hot-headed, outwardly inconsistent, vain, presumptuous, sometimes ridiculous, yet he never quite lost sight of his youthful ideal of straightforward patriotism and zealous religion. And as a preacher of the *via media* he held the future in fee; the tumults of the hour have died away, and what was once despised by both parties is now the ruling common sense of the world.

Robert E. Lee. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

To make one of a new series of lives (American Crisis Biographies), is the sole and insufficient reason for this book, which discloses no new facts and lacks an alluring style. Lee proved the rule that adequate heredity and surroundings should culminate in the gentleman; and this fact the author elaborates, none contradicting. Without doubt Lee's course was determined for him by his progenitors, because of the sentimental and material associations born of descent and environment. It is set forth (p. 66) "as the Southern view" that "the people were citizens of their respective States [and] the individual citizen bore no relation to the United States, [so that] dissolution of the compact between the State and the United States served instantly to release from the obligations of their oaths all citizens of each State who were employed in the civil or military departments of the central government," and it is implied that therefore and in that way Lee became a Confederate. By such a doctrine, had Buchanan been a South Carolinian the Presidency would have been automatically vacated in December, 1860. The truth is that, great as Lee was, he could not withstand those closest ties of the well-born, the claims of blood, and he formally resigned his commission. However his views may have shifted later, while Virginia still held with the Union he admitted neither that there was an abstract right of secession nor that there was adequate reason for its exercise if the right existed. That he saw no imperative obligation, no question of conscience, which detached him from the defenders of the national integrity, is clear from his refusal to advise the resignation of his son under identical conditions. He states his own case thus:

> With all my feelings of loyalty and duty as an American citizen [and therein his principles are displayed] I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home.

In so pure a man the struggle, which none in the Border States could avoid, was frightful; but in the end Lee participated in the revolution which he denounced and dreaded. We may protest, then, against the implication, not the open assertion, that in that crisis all honorable Virginians flocked as a matter of course to the standard of their State. Scott, Thomas, Robert Williams, Sykes of the fiercely-fighting regulars, St. George Cooke, Baylor, come without effort to the mind as among those patriots who did not reckon a part to be greater than the whole.

A wholly irrelevant and illogical discussion of the potential relation of slavery, culminating in the inquiry "Had the North foreseen all this [expenditure of blood and treasure] would she have undertaken the conquest of the South?" which is injected into this Life, is referred to here merely to deprecate so one-sided a view in a volume which may color the opinions of many readers. Slavery with Toombs and Davis replaced the tariff of the earlier South Carolinians as an occasion, not a cause, for dissolution. The effort of the Confederacy to secure its independence by arms and the determination of the Unionists to preserve the whole country, are constantly obscured. There is substituted a sectional war of subjugation with the view of abolishing slavery, for the essential motive of all the non-seceding States, including western [now West] Virginia, which was that of preserving the Union at any cost.

The portrayal of Lee's military career by a sympathetic but unqualified hand, requires no extended comment; and as there are no battle-field maps, the details of the engagements are not clear to readers unfamiliar with the *terrain.* Lee was forty years old when with Scott in Mexico, but he is persistently called "the young engineer"; his unsuccessful campaign against Rosecrans in West Virginia, to draw that mountainous section within the military bonds of the Confederacy, is con-

LICENSED TO JSTOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doned, because had he won a victory "he would have been compelled to fall back to his base of communications." Dr. Bruce further says: "After Cold Harbor Grant was saved from a counterstroke only by the rapidity with which he effected a change of base," whereas in fact Grant remained in Lee's front more than a week and then disappeared, as a strategical measure, with a secrecy and celerity that completely mystified his opponent. It was on almost that very ground that McClellan performed a similar feat in Lee's front two year's earlier.

Following Grant and certain independent observers, Dr. Bruce places Mr. Davis's character and opinions as Union assets, wherein we cordially agree. And from the beginning to the end every possible military sin of omission and commission, except that of not fighting vigorously when once engaged, is laid upon Longstreet, Lee's brave, persistent war-horse "Peter." Jackson seems overrated; Longstreet not appreciated.

Lee's civil career was one of peculiar service to the united country, and we gratefully adopt the biographer's estimate:

> The moderation, foresight, and wisdom displayed by him after the close of hostilities swell his figure to the proportions of a hero common to North and South.

President Lee not only set the example to his studious youth, and to his impoverished and disheartened ex-Confederates as well, but he inculcated national patriotism and unreserved allegiance to the general government. He made his college a centre of intelligent acquiescence in the result of the war, and on account of his own dignified resumption of Federal citizenship and the influence thus exerted, his memory will not only be beloved as that of a soldier of the South, but will be revered by both sections as an ultimate conservator of our domestic peace.

CURRENT FICTION.

Somehow Good. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The industrious traveller is bound to find pleasant things here and there along the beaten path of contemporary fiction, but for the most part in the way of suggestion or promise rather than firm achievement. What a relief, once in a decade, to come upon a real story, not a mere fiction, but an *epos*, a living, intelligible word. Away with our rule of thumb, down with that anxious yardstick with which we are fain to gauge the ordinary commodity known as the latest novel: are we not coming into our own? "Somehow Good" confirms the testimony (if it needed confirmation) of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," that one of the true tellers is among us. "Is still among us," we had almost said, so strong is our impression of Mr. De Morgan as a conservative force, as one who has kept alive, and now brings forward, fresh and lusty, a something beloved which in our faintheartedness we had almost agreed to lament as dead. More obviously, of course, we are speaking of that Victorian fiction for the body of which embalmer and stone-cutter had done their worst when "Joseph Vance" appeared to confound them and set their offices at naught. For this was obviously not an exploit of the "resurrectionist," but an authentic survival. People had stopped imitating Dickens and Thackeray and the rest a quarter-century before Mr. De Morgan quietly took his place among those worthies. It would have been impossible for any young man to do this, impossible, indeed, for any professional writer whatever. Mr. De Morgan began to write out of a rounded experience to which books had made their moderate, let us say their normal, contribution. One hardly imagines that he had read much modern fiction; so that when, in his westering years, the mouth was moved to speak out of the full heart, his fancy was not troubled by the fashion of the hour. His natural speech was that of the masters whom in his boyhood no one dreamed of remanding to a past régime. Here and there, as in the opening chapters of "Joseph Vance," there is distinct, though probably unconscious, imitativeness; where it is most marked, Dickens is the obvious, and in these days loathed, model. Minor "character" parts and their attendant facetiæ unabashedly recall the traditions of Boz. But, after all, what really arrests us in these stories, what really gives us the delightful sense of recognition of which we are conscious, is a manner, a true style, not a mannerism. This writer's inconsecutiveness, his apparent casualness, is seen in the end to have been never unconsidered or irrelevant. He is in no manner of doubt as to what his story is or as to how he wishes to tell it. From his point of view, that of creative humor, he sees his theme steadily and sees it whole. All these delays, digressions, hints, repetitions, these hundred obstacles to hasty reading, serve to acquaint us as life acquaints us, gradually, and as it were by stealth, with the persons and events which concern us.

Such a method may safely deal with any theme. "Somehow Good," in which it is employed at its perfection, is built upon as ugly a fact as human experience can produce. Let us put it baldly: A young English girl, innocent and high-spirited, quarrels with her mother on a question of persistent remarriage, and sets off for India to marry an English boy who is at her devoted service. Before joining her boy at his station she is obliged to spend a month in the hands of a precious couple who conspire for her ruin. At least the married woman is complaisant, and the married man has his way. In due time and yet too late, the girl goes on to her lover. She lacks the courage to tell him what has happened, and they are married. Very soon she perceives that her horrible experience is to bear fruit; she tells her husband everything. He leaves her, and after an unsuccessful attempt at divorce, disappears altogether. The girl is rescued by an uncle, a major in the Indian army, and brought back to England. He retires, and lives quietly in London with the forsaken wife and her misgotten daughter. Twenty years pass. The husband has been a wanderer, in Australia, America, Canada, and has finally made a fortune in the Yukon. He returns to London, and one day is disabled by an electric shock, and is taken home by the daughter. The wife recognizes him at once, but the accident has destroyed his memory. To put it as shortly as possible, they are married again, and eventually he regains full remembrance of the past. In the end he is able to see that whatever has happened may have been "somehow good"; he, like his wife, adores the child of the wretch whose memory is a horror to them. What had happened remained vile in itself; in its result, who could say?

It is easy to imagine what morbidness—what repulsiveness or what sentimentality—would belong to the treatment of this theme by the ordinary novelist. Let the reader ask himself what would happen to it in the hands even of a Hardy, a James, or a Meredith. The fact we have to record is that on this theme Mr. De Morgan has written a book as sound, as sweet, as wholesome, as wise, as any in the range of fiction.

The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Miss Glasgow writes, as always, with fluency, gravity, and a species of *empressement* which may go a long way toward achieving the effects of depth and subtlety. Her books are, we gather from the triumphant bulletins of her publishers, widely read, in the main we must suppose, by a class which does not read very much, and is guided to its few choices by the conversational clue. Her work is planned upon a generous scale. There are four books and forty chapters in "The Ancient Law," and they cover some five hundred pages—quite the old three-decker plan. After going over it all, one may find oneself speculating as to whether the cargo is worth the carriage. Superficially the book is of the right kind. The theme is older than Jean Valjean: What shall the convict do with himself when, with the best will in the world, he finds himself outside the bars? One Richard Ordway goes wrong on the stock exchange, and, after five years' imprisonment, is to face the world again. He seeks refuge from it in a Southern village, and there, under the name Smith, carves out an honest and not inglorious career for himself. He becomes, in fact, the local reformer and oracle, and the time arrives when, though they know nothing of his past, his fellow-townsmen are ready to give him the greatest public honor in their power. As an ex-convict, he is legally ineligible for this honor; but he regards himself as having sufficiently atoned, in any but the crude legal sense, for his past, and is prepared to accept what is offered in good faith. His past, however, has followed him, to confront him brutally in the hour of his mild triumph. He therefore determines to set out again upon his quest of service. Up to this point—the end of the second book—the narrative does not lack interest. Ordway himself, to be sure, with all the author's deliberateness of portraiture, is a person commented upon rather than presented. Our first impression of him is promising, but after the opening scene it wanes steadily in distinctness. We do not live with him through his experiences; we do not feel the charm and power in the man which are said to work such wonders in that stubborn rural community. But some of the minor scenes and characters have life; above all the gracious and strong figure of Emily Brooke, the beautiful girl who falls innocently in love with our jail bird. As he has a wife who has failed and repudiated him in his need, this, according to the code, should not have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been allowed to happen; but the relation which develops between them keeps itself within the prescribed bounds. One would like to have parted with them both at the moment when, after the full revelation of his past, she professes her unalterable faith in him. But here begins the anti-climax, and the story sinks through chapters of crude melodrama whither we shall not follow it.

Travers. By Sara Dean. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

If the spectacular and the melodramatic are ever to be looked for in real life, it is in such a setting as the San Francisco disaster afforded. The conditions described in "Travers" are probably not overdrawn and the adventures of the pair in question might find parallel, if not confirmation, in the records. Possibly these two have more than their share of narrow escapes, since one building is tumbled inoffensively about their heads by the earthquake and another is subsequently burned to a shell with the exception of the floor upon which they are imprisoned. The unmasking by the catastrophe of forces both for good and for ill is effectively suggested, and the momentary abeyance of social convention makes plausible the sudden intimacy between Travers and his charge. Some of the minor figures —the harridan who berates all the women in the hill-side camp and slaves for all the men, and little "Montana," the nurse—are vivid and typical. The relation of the man and the girl, however fancifully brought about, is a sound and credible one. In short, though the tale is not of power, it is of interest both as a story and a document.

English Poetry, 1170-1892. Selected by John Matthews Manly. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.70.

English Poems. The Nineteenth Century. Selected and edited, with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies, by Walter C. Bronson. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

These two anthologies, though prepared primarily for the use of college classes, will prove serviceable to students of literature in general, and to lovers of poetry in particular. Professor Manly's book is complete in itself, but Professor Bronson projects three more volumes; one to include Old English poems in translation, Middle English poems, a few specimens of the pre-Elizabethan drama, and old ballads; one to cover the Elizabethan and Caroline periods; and one for the Restoration and the eighteenth century.

Professor Manly explains in his Preface that the plan of his volume originated ten years ago, when he and Professor Bronson and Prof. R. E. N. Dodge (now of the University of Wisconsin) were giving an introductory course in English literature to a class of 140 freshmen and sophomores in Brown University. The object was to have the students read as widely as their time permitted; but since no one volume was sufficiently comprehensive, and since the expense of numerous cheap reprints was too great, Professor Manly determined to "collect into a single volume all the pieces of non-dramatic poetry that any teacher would likely care to have at hand from which to make his own selection." In this undertaking Professor Manly has had the help of other teachers, and the result of their joint labors is a volume of uncommon utility. His 563 pages of text are printed in double columns, giving 112 lines to the page; and, allowing for titles, spaces between stanzas, and overrunning, there must be between forty and fifty thousand lines of the best English poetry.

The first eighty pages carry us through Middle English, Chaucer and his followers, Skelton, the early Tudor lyrics, and the ballads. All these poems are sufficiently elucidated by a copious glossary in the footnotes. But from Wyatt and Surrey on, the language offers few obstacles and the notes are correspondingly rare. Explanations of difficulties of thought or allusion Professor Manly has avoided altogether, on the ground that they can best be supplied by the teacher. In the Introduction, however, he has offered a few comments intended to supplement the ordinary text-books. As regards Middle English, Chaucer, and the early Tudor period, this commentary is particularly full. His *obiter dicta* on later poets who for one reason or another have attained no wide popularity are brief but keen. For example, after speaking of George Meredith's depth of insight and subtle apprehension of life and its problems, he adds:

> But the gods gave him also the fatal gift of excessive intellectual ingenuity and a delight in the exercise of it; while the sole gift they denied him was self-restraint.

But the critical apparatus is less important than the text itself; for the main thing is that the student shall have access to the poet. In a volume ranging from the "Poema Morale" to Swinburne there is immense room for choice. No man who has read even discursively can go through an anthology without noting in every section the absence of poems which appeal strongly to his personal taste. But Professor Manly's book contains no poem that is not plainly entitled to admission, either because of its importance in the history of English verse or because of its "clear title to intrinsic beauty and value"—for these are the two tests which the compiler has applied. Moreover, the selection from writers of the second and third rank, who form the background for leading spirits of an age, is exceedingly judicious. We are glad, for instance, to see Watts's "Cradle Hymn," beginning,

> Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.
> Holy angels guard thy bed!

and Charles Wesley's

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

The minor poets of the nineteenth century, whose modernity gives them special interest, are well represented. Professor Bronson's selections are drawn from Bowles, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Hunt, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, both Brownings, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti, William Morris, and Swinburne. Manly omits Bowles, but he gives us Lamb, Charles Wolfe, John Keble, Mrs. Hemans, Hood, Praed, Beddoes, FitzGerald, P. J. Bailey, Locker-Lampson, Coventry Patmore, Sidney Dobell, George Meredith, "Owen Meredith," Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, James Thomson, and Alfred Austin.

Professor Bronson's book is better printed, a single column to the page, larger type, and thicker paper. The feature of it is the critical apparatus. The notes, in fine type at the end, include "the poet's theory of poetry and his philosophy of life when these can be given in his own words"; statements by the author or his friends which throw light on the meaning of a poem or illustrate his method of work; explanations of words or allusions which may be obscure to the average student; a few variant readings of special significance; quotations from sources or parallel passages; specimens of contemporary criticisms; and a selected bibliography. We have, for example, extracts from Wordsworth's prefaces, from Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," and Shelley's "Defence of Poetry." The contemporary criticisms are a "cooling card" for the book-reviewer of to-day: Jeffrey's onslaughts on Wordsworth; the *Monthly Review's* declaration that "Christabel" is "rude, unfashioned stuff," and that "Kubla Khan" is "below criticism"; the "memorable and ferocious blasphemy" of Shelley's "Adonais," as the *Literary Gazette* viewed it; and *Blackwood's* advice to Keats, "So back to the shop, Mr. John, back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes."

The ultimate value of such volumes as these depends upon whether English literature can be "taught"—a subject much debated in the columns of the *Nation*. In this discussion there has been some confusion both as to terms and as to the class of students for whom courses in literature may be intended. No one can deny that mental discipline may be derived from the study of English philology and also from the study of the history of literature. That branch of history, as well as politics, the development of industries, or art, has its legitimate place in the college curriculum. The doubt arises in regard to courses in appreciation of literature. Too often, we must confess, they are sentimental and sloppy—"chatter about Shelley." But a few teachers actually succeed—to use Professor Manly's words—in awakening "a love of literature and the habit of reading." This is worth doing; and in the present state of culture in America it must, for many persons, be done in college or be left undone. If a student has already, through happy influences at home or in preparatory schools, a well-formed taste and the habit of reading, he does not need courses in appreciation. He will probably find far better discipline in other studies and in wide miscellaneous reading out of hours. But under existing conditions and traditions, courses in appreciation meet a genuine need.

St. Stephen's in the Fifties: The Session, 1852-3, a Parliamentary Retrospect. By Edward Michael Whitty, with an Introduction by Justin McCarthy, and Notes by H. M. W. Pp. xl., 316. New York: A. Wessels Co. $3 net.

Well edited, the late Edward Michael Whitty's "St. Stephen's in the Fifties" would have been a valuable addition to the permanent literature of the British Parliament; for Whitty was a journalist of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than ordinary ability and insight; he possessed strong political convictions, and in the *Leader*, the now forgotten London Radical weekly in which these studies of 1852-3 first appeared, he had larger freedom of expression than any writer of Parliamentary studies for a serious journal has since enjoyed. But H. M. W. has taken little trouble with the editing. If ever there was a book to which copious foot-notes were essential, it was this, because many of the men of whom Whitty wrote have either had scant notice, or have been ignored altogether, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," many of the political questions have long ago passed out of mind, and many allusions are now meaningless except to the few who are well acquainted with social life in the London of that period. Mr. McCarthy has contributed a helpful Introduction of thirty pages; but H. M. W. seems to have concluded that McCalmont's "Parliamentary Poll Book, 1832-1895," was the only source that he need draw upon for foot-notes. Some readers may possibly recall Paxton's connection with the building of Crystal Palace; but how many will understand, for example, Whitty's allusion to "Mr. Sloman of Chancery Lane"? H. M. W. has not taken the trouble to inform them that Sloman's in the old days of Whitecross and the Bench Prisons—in the days of imprisonment for debt—was a sponging house, at which men might stay for a day or two awaiting a settlement with their creditors. Again, on page 140, Whitty writes of No. 32, Chesham Place, as "our British Temple of Janus"; and H. M. W. has not thought it necessary to explain that No. 32 was the town house of Lord John Russell.

Whitty was of the Press Gallery about the middle of the Parliamentary epoch that lies between the Reform Act of 1832 and that of 1867. This was the period of a comparatively narrow franchise; of numerous nomination and corrupt boroughs, which the Whigs had been careful should survive when they reformed the old system in 1832. It was the period of Sunbury, Oxford, and Canterbury, where political corruption was general and deep-seated; and the influence of these boroughs on the *morale* of the House of Commons is described with the utmost freedom. It was also the period during which members from Ireland were largely of the needy and office-seeking class. Whitty was an Irishman—and an Irishman from Cork—but nowhere in the literature of the House of Commons are there more caustic descriptions of the men who represented or misrepresented Ireland than those he wrote. In these papers, also better than in any history of political parties in England, and much better than in any general history, are given the reasons why Radicalism was so feeble a force in Parliament between 1832 and 1867. There were not wanting large constituencies such as Bath and Sheffield willing to elect Radicals. But most of the Radicals in the House were intent on their own political hobbies. They had no recognized leader, no organization such as that of the Independent Labor party of the present day. There was, in a word, no team work; nothing to inspire either the Tories or the Whigs with any real fear.

Social conditions in the House were not much different from those that had prevailed up to 1832. The House was still regarded as a club; and late in the evening members were not afraid to appear there in a condition that to-day would warrant their being put into a cab by the attendants and sent home; and if a member, when drunk, made a fool of himself, Whitty did not hesitate to describe the scene. His disgust with what he described as the "Celtic gentlemen who make a 'holy show' of themselves after the manner of their race in the Imperial Senate" was deep. The Home Rule movement, as organized by Parnell, rid Ireland of the school of Parliamentarians who provoked such loathing in Whitty—of the race of members whose haunting of the Treasury on the hunt for patronage aroused such strong feelings of contempt in Bright. For this great reform in Irish politics the Home Rule movement seldom gets credit; and one incidental value of Whitty's sketches is that they show how necessary such an extra-Parliamentary reform had become by the time of the Aberdeen Coalition Ministry.

One of the best pieces of purely descriptive writing is Whitty's account of Gladstone's great Budget speech of April 23, 1853. Taken in conjunction with the late Duke of Argyll's description of Gladstone's preliminary exposition of his fiscal proposals to the Aberdeen Cabinet, assembled at No. 10, Downing Street, it constitutes a new chapter in the life of Gladstone, and admirably supplements Mr. Morley's account of Gladstone's great triumph.

A Book of Saints and Wonders, Put Down Here by Lady Gregory, According to the Old Writings and the Memory of the People of Ireland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this volume, which is of the same type as her "Poets and Dreamers," 1903, Lady Gregory continues her task of translating Irish texts, and recording legends still current among the aged Irish. The stories of the saints and the personal anecdotes of minor miracles collected here, reveal ready imaginations, ready tongues, and intelligences weighted and saddened by superstition of the most childish sort. For example:

> Brennain came to Brigit one time to ask why was it the beasts of the sea gave honor to her more than to the rest of the saints. Then they made their confession to each other, and Brennain said after that, "In my opinion, girl, it is right the beasts are when they honor you above ourselves."

Page after page of this collection is devoted to this sort of testimony, and contains nothing of the vitality and color of the Irish heroic saga, not a gleam of the true genius of the Gael. The friends of Ireland, like those who ransack the literary remains of great men, are too apt to drag into the light what was never meant by its author to stand the test of print.

More welcome to the lover of Gaelic tradition are the translations of the "Voyage of Maeldune" and the "Voyage of Brendan." Maeldune is the Odysseus of Ireland. But his saga lacks the fine Homeric reserve of the "Odyssey," in which the fairy element is never allowed to degenerate into a mere recital of a string of marvels. The adventures of Maeldune on his quest to slay the murderer of his father have no sort of sequence, and the quest itself drops out of the reader's mind as he drifts with the hero and his crew from one island to another, landing on very few, and constantly warned off by the sight of some monster or by mysterious doings that are to have no influence on any man's future fate. But in spite of frequent lack of shape and savor in this tale, a dull page is often redeemed and dignified by a sudden expression of sorrow:

> Then he turned his face to the wall of the house the way it would be darker for him, and he raised his wild song, and it was the sweetest of all the music on the whole ridge of the world. And all the men of Leinster were crying and lamenting, with the sorrow and the softness of that song.

So Menelaus, in his regret for the lost Odysseus, moved Helen and all that heard him to weeping. The joy of battle often sits awkwardly on these minor heroes of Irish legend, but you will find them acquainted with all the tones of grief.

The "Voyage of Brendan," hitherto accessible in modern English only in O'Riordan's version, is also the story of a quest. Brendan sets out for the Land of Promise, Brendan's Isle, and finds it only after long wanderings very similar to Maeldune's. This island was long believed by the Spanish and Portuguese to lie in the direction of the Canaries, and was even mentioned in international treaties with the saving clause, "when found." The Isles of Sheep and Birds visited by the saint were known to Arabian wonder-books; and the great fish, like an island, on which his party landed, figures in Sinbad's story as well as in most mediæval bestiaries. The "Voyage of Brendan" is the *locus classicus* for the legend of the annual day of mercy for Judas—

> Once a year I go
> To cool me on the floe—

whom Brendan protects for a few hours from the fiends who come to drag back the tortured ghost.

The precise influence of classic myths on Irish tradition is hard to determine. But even the few legends collected here contain several parallels with the classics. The devoted queen with whom, in spite of his impatient crew, Maeldune lingers for six months, and whom at last he leaves weeping on the shore, is the Irish Dido. In the story of Columcille, an old, spent white horse, a humble counterpart of the horses of Achilles, "cried tears into his breast until his clothes were wet." And Diarmid, his servant, would have driven the old horse away, but Columcille said: "Leave him till he cries his fill, keening for me. For you are a man having reason," he said, "and you know nothing of the time of my death but what I myself have told you. But as to this beast that is without reason, God himself has made known to it in some way that its master is going to leave it." Among the stories about St. Patrick is a curious echo of the Tithonus legend. A man and his wife are granted eternal youth, but not so their children, and while, like the dawn, they bloom without fading, they have to watch the painful decrepitude of their children's children.

Lady Gregory's style has this great advantage to Irish readers that it carefully preserves the un-English, curiously inverted forms of speech of the Irish country-people, from whom she received many of the legends:

> The justice of God threw a mist about him the way he would not be known.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have my fill of riches if I thought it enough, wanting Ireland, in the strange country where I have chanced and I tired. It is a pity the journey that was put upon me . . . it is bad to me the way it is.

And it is what happened, I was a cook in Torraig, and it is a bad cook I was.

That is the way the country-people in Ireland speak today, giving one the impression that they are translating Irish idioms, as, indeed, many of them are. These are the turns of speech that are seldom correctly caught by those who try to write the Irish dialect.

Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen. Von Karl Brugmann und August Leskien. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

In the light of the recent Esperanto Congress in England, this little volume of the well-known Leipzig professors will prove full of interest. Particularly should it challenge the attention of language students generally, for it is sweeping and specific in its condemnation of the whole enterprise as worthy neither of the scholar nor the practical man. Under the title of "Die neusten Weltsprachprojekte," Professor Brugmann reviews the various circumstances in which a second language may come into competition with an older one, and notes that a plan suggesting itself naturally to many is to select the most adaptable of the competing tongues as the international medium of communication. National pride and jealousy prevent any such solution, however, and in their perplexity men rush to the making of new languages. As a result, there are already "many dozen" of these, none of which is quite free and independent of the language it is expected to drive out. The dictionaries of artificial languages show the greatest variety of vocabulary, and in only one thing do they seem ahead of old-time forms of speech, and that is in their simplicity. As a matter of fact, however, a really practical result has never been achieved by any of these made-up tongues. Twenty years ago witnessed a high-tide in artificial language, when Volapük came from the hand of the Catholic priest Schleyer. Everywhere there were courses and lectures about the new tongue, and according to "Schleyer's Weltsprachkalender" for 1890, there were two and a half million students of Volapük, 290 Volapük clubs, and 23 Volapük journals. An international congress of Volapükists assembled at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and then, suddenly—the bubble burst.

The grounds for this failure are many. There were few who really knew much about languages who either advocated Volapük or took the trouble to oppose it, and Volapükists had all along pinned their faith to such men as professors of zoology or astronomy. The chief reason, however, was the conviction forced on many that Volapük needed revision and further adaptation; and Schleyer refused to admit weakness and consent to a change. Then, as Professor Brugmann might have shown in detail, there was split after split in the ranks, and new and competing language clubs were formed.

To-day we have another high-tide, for Schleyer had no patent on Volapük, and soon came "Esperanto" (1887), "Kosmos" (1888), "Spelin" (1888), "Myrana" (1889), and the "Lingua internazional" (1890). The advocates of each of these artificial languages wish it to be declared by academy and government the best adapted to science, industry, and commerce; and the means taken to secure recognition are always the same—clubs, lectures, congresses, and language journals. Once the geographer Kirchhoff worked hard for Volapük, and now the Esperantists, who certainly seem to lead the modern procession, have captured the enthusiastic chemist, Wilhelm Ostwald. But even in the world of learned men it is necessary to distinguish between the specialist and the amateur. Linguists only should be competent to judge, yet every one who has studied a language or two in a high school believes himself capable of passing opinion, and thus justifies Goethe's sharp remark: "Ein Jeder, weil er spricht, glaubt auch über die Sprache sprechen zu können." As to the majority of scholars, it is probably true that they are neither for nor against the movement, unwilling to devote their time or energy either way. Max Müller was an exception, but his desire to shine before the world, Professor Brugmann thinks, led the Oxford professor to seek the cheap applause of the Volapük arena. In considering the question as to whom an artificial language will chiefly benefit, Brugmann derides the idea that the scholar will add another strange language to his equipment, or that he will labor with unprecedented zeal in order that grandchild and great-grandchild may have it. Brugmann is equally *lustig* at the thought that all the scientific literature of the world will soon be translated into Esperanto, "even with the help of those women who have nothing else to do"!

Professor Leskien contributes a scholarly discussion "Zur Kritik des Esperanto." He says that a world-language should be easily learned, simple in construction, and easy to pronounce. Esperanto, he admits, may be rather easy to learn to read; but for a language designed to be spoken by Europeans of all classes, it is astounding how many difficulties it presents. Esperanto, according to his view, uses the sound *tsch, dsch* too frequently; it is overloaded with *au, eu, ai, ei, oi, ui,* which French avoids; it includes such combinations as *kn,* so unwelcome to the English, and bristles with *kiu, kia, kie, tiu, tio,* and *tschia,* which Germans, English and Americans, Italians, French, and Slavs must pronounce according to their peculiar linguistic bias. In short, Professor Leskien contends that the inventor of Esperanto put together on paper his outfit, gathered from school-grammars, without any attention to phonetics or any actual experience in the real world of language, without finding out from others (who might have known better), what was difficult or easy, necessary or unnecessary, rational or irrational. His work, therefore, as an effort to solve the problem of a world language, is quite unsuccessful. In conclusion, Professor Leskien maintains that Esperanto is difficult, stating that he himself has studied and mastered so many languages that he feels competent to make a comparison, and that he has found the new tongue of Zamenhof hard, if not impossible, to master. Those who know Professor Leskien's fluency in Slavic tongues will find this judgment of peculiar interest.

Society in the Country House. By T. H. S. Escott. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4 net.

The evolution in England of the country house, its social and political influence, is an inviting subject, to be handled, of course, only by one who has had the *entrée* to several of the leading sets of English society, and as a looker-on could judge of the game better than the actual players. Mr. Escott, who succeeded John Morley as editor of the *Fortnightly Review,* and who has been for many years a leader writer for the London *Standard,* has watched rather than shared the strife of social cliques and political parties. A great part of that strife has been planned at "week-end" parties, for the salon of the English country house has seldom been what Horace Walpole made Strawberry Hill, a centre of disinterested social activity.

Mr. Escott traces the rise of country house entertaining from the days of Chaucer's fourteenth-century franklin, in whose house "it snowëd of meat and drink," down to the "week-ends" of a Rosebery. It was prosperity in foreign commerce that made the rural homes of Chaucer's England centres of hospitality; for with the great landowners money was rather scarce. They were the true barbarians, as Disraeli described them in "Lothair," leading an outdoor life, never opening a book, knowing no language but their own, while the men with more money and less land entertained all comers and encouraged political discussions. So it is that nowadays it is entertainers like the Wilsons of Tranby Croft or the Rothschilds who are maintaining the old tradition. From his historical sketch Mr. Escott passes to descriptions of certain houses which for generations have played their part in English politics. Not that their influence has been merely political. More than one prosperous watering place owes its existence to the near neighborhood of a great country house. So Stanmer, the Sussex home of the Pelhams, created Brighton, which might never have had its vogue had not George IV. chanced to visit Stanmer and fix his fancy on the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone. So the Allens of Prior Park made the fortune of Bath by bringing it to the notice of the children of George III., and Heron Court, the home of the Malmesbury earls, made Bournemouth the fashion.

The political activity of the country house has long been an English tradition. Says Mr. Escott:

> The English Revolution of the seventeenth century originated in the conferences at each other's rural homes of country gentlemen. The doctrines of royal absolutism were first framed by a Kentish squire, Sir Robert Filmer of East Sutton, . . . when, as a Hertfordshire squire, entertaining James I. at Gorhambury. From the home and birthplace of John Pym, Brymore, proceeded the first notes of a counterblast to the pretensions of prerogative.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Manchester speech in 1886 announcing the formation of the Union party, was the fruit of a visit to Compton Place, Sussex, where the Cavendishes and the Churchills agreed to sink their earlier differences and unite against the Home Rule policy of Gladstone. So, on almost every page, Mr. Escott points out the association of some country house with political schemes. There are few neutral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country houses. But Killerton Park and Holnicote, the homes of the great Devon and Somerset family of Aclands, saw the beginning of an experiment designed to bring together in their social life politicians of both parties. Here, in the favorite haunt of William Wilberforce, the Abolitionist, was first formed the idea of Grillion's Club, whose weekly dinners have for many years brought to the same table the fiercest political foes.

Such a book, teeming with information and anecdotes, could not fail to be interesting, but every reader will regret that the author took such pains to be unintelligible. It is as though one who had so long been obliged to write lucidly for mere journalism had decided to indulge in the luxury of an involved "literary" style. Mr. Escott is so allusive that often only the instructed reader knows whom he is talking about. This is the nearest that he gets to naming Lord Milner:

> Another of the then Mr. Goschen's guests, exactly Dawkins's contemporary, was that descendant of the General Ready of Goodwood associations, as accomplished a Balliol scholar as the future Lord Chancellor himself, and whose name in later years was to become a controversial synonym for a particular school of South African and Imperial statesmanship generally, Mr. Chamberlain's High Commissioner.

Mr. Escott always prefers a definition to a mere name. Balliol is regularly called "the College of Jowett," Byron is "the object of the Countess Guiccioli's passion," Disraeli is "the Asiatic statesman," Hever Castle is "the natal stronghold of Queen Elizabeth's mother." But in spite of his irritating allusiveness, his tortuous style, and his really shocking French—he writes more than once *pied de terre* for *pied à terre*, and other phrases that betray unfamiliarity with the language—Mr. Escott's book is entertaining, a mine of information for some more accomplished writer on the same theme. The frontispiece is a charming reproduction of the picture by Desanges of Lady Waldegrave's salon at Strawberry Hill in 1865.

The University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906. Published by the Librarian of the University.

Following so closely upon the heels of the Report of the Royal Commission on the University of Toronto, this volume is of more than ordinary interest and importance, not merely to the alumni of the university, but to all interested in higher education. It is a fact not without significance, that in educational matters the international boundary is fast becoming obliterated. Not only is a wholesome reciprocity practised in appointments to the faculties of American and Canadian colleges, but to an ever increasing extent the young men of the two countries are seeking the best university for their individual needs, irrespective of its geographical position north or south of the boundary.

The present volume is the outcome of a decision of the senate of the university, as long ago as January, 1903, that in consideration of the fact "that the present year (1903) is the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of King's College, and the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the university on its present line," a volume should be prepared, giving an account of its past history and its actual condition. The long series of delays in publication has enabled the editors to bring the historical survey down to the close of the labors of the commission in the passing of the University act of 1906. In the opening chapter, President N. Burwash of Victoria College sketches the early history of the university, from the granting of a charter to King's College, in March, 1827, down to the organization of the university in 1853; and in the two following chapters, Dr. Burwash brings his survey down to 1904, discussing in an eminently clear and impartial manner the once burning problems of state control and endowments, rivalry between University College and the affiliated institutions, the relative status of their degrees, central versus local examinations, etc. Chapter iv. is devoted to financial history, by the present bursar. Four chapters are given to the arts faculty and colleges; that on the arts faculty, by Dean Ramsay Wright and Prof. W. J. Alexander, being of exceptional interest. The faculties of law, medicine, applied science, the theological colleges, and the affiliated institutions, are dealt with in separate chapters, and the eminently practical subject of buildings and equipment occupies the final chapter. Appendices contain lists of members of the governing bodies, publications by members of the staff, studies published by the university, theses, benefactions, graduates, candidates examined, attendance, the university acts, and the report of the Commission, 1905-6. The whole work is under the general editorship of Professor Alexander.

The Real Australia. By Alfred Buchanan. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this book is an experienced journalist. He has recorded his observations on the dominant features of Australian life—politics, amusements, journalism and literature, the tone of society, moral reform and the conditions with which it contends; and the result is a welcome offset to the books which have dealt with the subject in detached phases, more particularly with the political history of the country and the socialistic experiments made there. Hitherto we have had many optimistic forecasts and generous appreciations, which assumed Australian stability and success. Mr. Buchanan is rather doubtful as to the outcome. At least he thinks that the national spirit is in urgent need of a Spartan bracing. It is discouraging, though perhaps not astonishing, to learn that after half a century or more of unhindered political experimenting the prevailing phase of Australian character is its irresponsibility. Moreover, as there has been little in the history of the country to awaken strong sentiment, unless it be disgust at the way in which the aborigines were treated, there is no vital faith of any kind nor even any vital fanaticism. It may be that the ease of Australian life accounts in part for this lack of tone. There have been few soul-testing troubles, and no armed conflict, if we except the work of the contingents in South Africa during the Boer war. The calm of unforced development has been the lot of Australia, the spoiled child of Britain.

It is difficult to see why he has not discussed this doubtful result in the light of socialistic theories and legislation, which have been so hopefully applied in Australia. The lack of any such attempt is the chief defect of his book. Conditions are better described than explained. An American reader naturally asks whether there is any connection between a socialistic régime and the easy going, work-shirking habits which Mr. Buchanan charges against his countrymen. Is it true that reliance upon government for work, land, and shelter has caused a lapse from energy to ineptitude? Not only have trades unions been protected, but women have been given the suffrage in some of the states, and their vote is influential. Advanced theories have had their chance. Yet the social fabric, according to Mr. Buchanan, lacks a strong leaven of individual responsibility, initiative, and self-control. It is easy to believe that too much coddling by the government and too great trust in mere legislation are largely accountable for this condition.

Some of the Australian types described are too interesting to pass by. It appears that the Australian larrikin is the crown and summit of moral irresponsibility. Mr. Buchanan will not allow that all the hooligans of London, all the gamins of Paris, all the lazzaroni of Naples, even all the unspeakable ruffians of Cairo and Port Said can eclipse, or even approach, the reputation acquired by the larrikin in a few decades. Mr. Buchanan ought to be a capable judge of a native product.

Science.

Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates. Adapted from the German of Dr. Robert Wiedersheim, by W. N. Parker. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

This book, written by a professor of anatomy in Freiburg and translated by a professor of zoölogy in the University of Wales, is now issued in a third edition, founded on the sixth German. The original contains 800 pages and 416 figures; the second English edition, 488 pages and 307 figures; and the present, 576 pages and 372 figures. That a technical work of this size should reach a sixth edition in the original language and a third in another is ample proof of its general excellence. It is likewise warrant for what, under other conditions, might constitute hypercriticism. In the present instance there is no excuse for lack of clearness; and for inaccuracy the only justification is the advance of knowledge since the volume went to press. As indicated in the preface and upon the title-page, this is not a literal translation, but a reduced "adaptation," a task which throws upon the undertaker greater responsibility for errors, omissions, and infelicities of expression. The preface states that this edition "has been almost entirely rewritten." That the changes have not always been for the better may be seen by comparing with corresponding passages in the previous edition the statements as to, *e. g.*, the cerebellum of sharks and rays (p. 210), and the brain-cavity of Amphioxus (p. 204). In this last case, the omission of the phrase "in the larva" (p. 157 of the previous edition) conveys an error as radi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal as would be embodied in the declaration, "man has a short triangular tail" without the qualification, "at a certain stage of development." In the original the discussion of the nature and origin of the limbs opens with a paragraph in which the problem is said to have been "seit einer Reihe im Vordergrund." In the second English edition this phrase was rendered "attacked vigorously during the last thirty years." In the present edition, ten years later, the entire paragraph is reproduced, verbatim.

There is, of course, room for a legitimate difference of opinion as to the selection of subjects and the extent of their treatment, but the reviewer believes most anatomists will regret the omission, for instance, of the observations of Charles Hill upon the primary segments of the brain. Among errors are the ascription of the middle commissure to mammals only (p. 201), the description of the cerebellum of Teleosts as always bent backward (p. 214), the designation of the olfactory tracts of Reptiles as "nerves" (Figs. 166, 167), and the misrepresentation of the pons in Fig. 170, B.

The extensive and well-arranged Bibliography of the previous edition has evidently been augmented, and probably now embraces the six hundred additional titles of the last German edition; but there are signs of carelessness in, *e. g.*, the inclusion in the literature of the brain of mammals (p. 528, fifth from foot) of a title referring exclusively to the amphibian brain. The index lacks at least a score of important entries, including the entire series of compounds (*mesocoele*, etc.), by which are designated (p. 203) the cavities of the several brain-segments. Notwithstanding the defects above enumerated, this is the best English treatise upon vertebrate anatomy as the original is the best German.

The pupils of Prof. Ernst Haeckel and the friends of monistic philosophy, of which he is the leading protagonist, have furnished him with the funds to establish a Phyletic Museum in Jena. For this structure the cornerstone was laid on the last anniversary of Goethe's birth; and the museum and its collections will probably be ready for students during the coming summer. In the *Blätter des deutschen Monistenbundes*, Professor Haeckel has described in detail the character of the new institution. The purpose in all of its departments, anthropological, biological, and other is to furnish as complete collections as possible illustrative of the principle of evolution. Haeckel will contribute his specimens secured during his three scientific journeys: that of 1873 to the Red Sea, that of 1881 to Ceylon, and that of 1901 to Java and Sumatra. He also gives his entire correspondence with the naturalists of the world, extending through fifty years.

Sir Thomas McCall Anderson, regius professor of medicine in Glasgow University since 1900, has died suddenly at the age of seventy-two. Dr. Anderson had a distinguished career as practitioner and educator, and was member of various learned societies of England, Austria, France, and America. He was the author of "Treatment of Diseases of the Skin, with an Analysis of 11,000 Consecutive Cases," and of various other works in that department of medicine.

The death is reported from Paris of Alfred Jolibois, who was for twelve years at the head of the Department of Bridges in Paris before becoming municipal councillor. He devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work of beautifying Paris and improving all the works connected with the Seine, especially the bridges. He also gave much attention to popular scientific education, acting in turn as one of the professors of the Association Philotechnique, and superintending the formation of popular schools to train skilled workmen. His "Bibliothèque du Conducteur des Travaux Publics" is one of the largest engineering compilations ever undertaken. Fifty-three volumes out of the seventy-three contemplated have already been published.

Drama.

The English version of Paul Hervieu's "Le Réveil," which Miss Olga Nethersole presented in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, is a curious medley of social comedy, historical romance, lurid melodrama, and raw emotionalism, but it supplies internal evidence of the ingenious construction and strong dramatic and romantic interest which won public and critical success for the original in Paris. That cosmopolitan scalawag, Milan of Servia, and his son, the degenerate Alexander, are supposed, with sufficient plausibility, to have been the models of the two exiled princes, who play such prominent parts, but the historical groundwork of the plot is too slight to be of the least consequence. In dealing with such characters, fiction is, indeed, likely to be preferable to fact. Actually Prince Grégoire, with all his cheap cynicism and unscrupulous audacity, exhibits a degree of virility and kingly spirit perfectly inconceivable in his alleged prototype. But the true value of the piece—which is, of course, different from the theatrical—does not consist in the conflict between father and son, or in the series of striking and well-devised melodramatic expedients by which the former succeeds in breaking the spell of the passion which blinds the latter to all principles of duty and honor, but in the finely imagined scene of the "awakening" itself, where the innocent pleadings of her daughter, rendered eloquent by virgin love, rouse the conscience of the erring mother and recall her from the edge of the moral precipice upon which she is tottering. Here is a really dramatic situation, brought about in a perfectly logical and legitimate way, and of poignant interest. It is worth all the rest of the play put together, and upon it the fate of the representation will largely depend.

"Kaiser Karls Geisel: ein Legendenspiel," by Gerhart Hauptmann, is imported by Lemcke & Buechner. Whatever may have been the disappointment at Hauptmann's "Und Pippa tanzt!" with its mysticism and riddles so strangely different from the spirit of "Die Weber" or even "Die versunkene Glocke," this latest dramatic venture is likely to provoke enthusiasm, at least in Germany. Hauptmann now returns to verse, the form in which he presented his most successful composition, "Die versunkene Glocke." He has taken a paragraph from Sebastiano Erizzo's "Le sei giornate," which states that King Charles fell so deeply in love with a young girl that he abandoned all thought of the government of his kingdom. In a series of dissolving pictures, the dramatist has drawn contrasts between winter and spring, the frosts of old age, and the flowers of youth. In the end Karl is saved from downfall and made to appear triumphant, with upraised sword, before the acclaiming multitude. The story gives the poet an admirable chance to depict the virility of the aged Frankish king and the voluptuousness of the village maiden. The language, we may add, though poetic, is very frank.

Music.

A History of Music in England. By Ernest Walker. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

When Sterndale Bennett, who was born three years after Wagner, went to Leipzig he was greeted, as Schumann wrote, by the remark: "An English composer? no composer at all!" Throughout Germany and elsewhere, until recently, the opinion prevailed that from the beginning to the present day England has been an out-and-out unmusical country. As late as 1885 Naumann issued the last volume of a "Musikgeschichte," in which four pages out of 1,200 were devoted to England; and even Nagel, who wrote two scholarly volumes on music in England, seemed to be convinced that artistic life in that country came to an end about the year 1700. The injustice of such an attitude is made abundantly apparent in Dr. Walker's volume. He modestly calls it "a" history of music in England, but it is really "the" history of music in that country. His avowal that this book has been "designed from the standpoint of a musician rather than from that of an antiquarian; and even then more for the general music-lover than for the technically erudite," must not be construed as a confession of superficiality; for, as a matter of fact, the best and most useful results of research are embodied; and, what is more, opportunity is afforded the reader, by means of copious musical illustrations printed in the text, to form his own conclusions.

It would have been too much to expect the author to resist the temptation to boast that whereas musical Italy can barely show four centuries of creative work, and Germany and France half a century less, England gave to the world nearly 700 years ago "the finest artistic work it ever had." The reference is to the famous four-part canon "Summer is i-cumen in," of the thirteenth century, which Dr. Walker, after carefully weighing the conflicting opinions, accepts as an early specimen—and a superb one—of English folk music. His statement that "few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists," would not escape challenge in Germany and Russia; but this is certainly an aspect—the only one—in which the music of the United Kingdom does not suffer by comparison with that of the Continent. Ireland has also produced three composers of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exceptional gifts—Balfe, Stanford, and Field. Of Stanford's opera "Shamus O'Brien," the author says justly that it is "one of the most deliciously 'open-air' works in all British music," being "crammed full of tunes which, without any suspicion of plagiarism, seem to suggest that their composer has lived in the wilds of Ireland all his life." Field occupies a place of honor in musical history as the originator of the nocturne, which Chopin imitated and perfected. But this, as the author frankly acknowledges, is the only case of the work of a composer on these isles having had any germinating force outside his own country. Even Handel, when he made England his home, sacrificed all chance of guiding the course of Continental music. "There has never been a composer of more than the merest second-class rank who owes him anything really vital."

We know of no chapter on Handel so luminous and unbiassed as Dr. Walker's. He claims Handel as an English composer, because Handel lived in London over forty-five years and wrote exclusively for English audiences, his early works, written for Germans and Italians, being now known to hardly any one. This chapter cannot be too highly commended to practical musicians, as it will help to correct the impression that nearly all of Handel's best work is contained in his oratorios. His operas are obsolete because they lack dramatic characterization, and because many of their airs are written in an ornate style no longer cultivated by singers. Nevertheless, there is in these Anglo-Italian operas—thirty-six in number—an almost unworked mine which singers of an enterprising turn of mind would do well to examine. A list of the best of these airs is given on page 194; the author should have added that Robert Franz selected, edited, and published the best of these in several volumes.

Though it originated in Italy, no form of music is so English as the madrigal, and this receives full attention. In the chapter "Later Victorian Music" no living English composer who was born later than 1860 is included, the list being thus limited to five—Mackenzie, Parry, Cowen, Stanford, and Elgar. We specially commend Dr. Walker's remarks on the last-named. In the concluding section an attempt is made, not very successfully, to determine what is the English element in music.

Oscar Hammerstein has proved that it pays, after all, to produce operatic novelties in New York. Beside reviving Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" he has already this season staged three novelties—Massenet's "Thais," Charpentier's "Louise," and Giordano's "Siberia"—and on February 19 he intends to try Debussy's extraordinary "Pelléas et Mélisande." When he announced "Siberia" the knowing ones shook their heads. The same composer's "Fedora" had failed lamentably at the Metropolitan, although the cast included Caruso; how could "Siberia" succeed at the Manhattan without even the aid of a great star? But "Siberia" did succeed; its reception by the audience was enthusiastic. In writing his "Fedora" the composer expected that the popularity of the play of that name would help him, but it did not; the play is not suited for musical treatment and Giordano's musical setting of it proved so surprisingly weak that it seemed impossible that the same pen could ever write an interesting score. But "Siberia" is decidedly interesting, both musically and as a spectacle. It pictures life on the desolate and snowy steppes. For killing a prince who entertains the girl he loves, a soldier is sentenced to penal servitude for life. The girl follows him, joining the living chain of prisoners. A chance for escape presents itself to the lovers, and they flee; but a miscreant gives the alarm and the girl is shot. It cannot be said that Giordano's melodic fount flows much more freely in the music with which he illustrates these scenes than in "Fedora"; but he was so wise as to introduce several beautiful Russian folksongs appropriate to the situation (as Humperdinck introduced German folksongs in "Hänsel und Gretel"), and that makes all the difference in the world. At the same time it must be admitted that Giordano's skill in the treatment of the orchestra and in creating "atmosphere" and working up a climax has greatly increased. He may yet become a serious rival of Puccini.

The Italian publisher Ricordi three years ago offered a prize of $2,500 for the best English opera. It has now been awarded to Dr. E. W. Naylor for a score entitled "The Angelus." Dr. Naylor is instructor and organist at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The number of manuscripts submitted to Ricordi was 191.

Art.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, January 22.

The eighth exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, now open in the New Gallery, does not, as a whole, reach the high level of the past. This is evident, especially in the paintings. I have looked in vain for the great pictures that stand out with the distinction there is no escaping. Much of the interest of the collection still comes from painters of an earlier generation. Again there is a chance to see Renoir's extraordinary Portrait de Madame M., the woman standing by a bird cage, extraordinary because of the beauty that fine drawing and tone can lend to costume and detail hideous as the fashions of the early seventies could make them. Monet is at his best in the three pictures here, Vue de Hollande, Printemps, and Fruits, a wonderful still-life; all three show the regard for composition, for the placing of a subject, to which Monet of late years has paid less and less attention. Another of the more notable pictures is Carrière's large Théâtre de Belleville, that huge dim interior, lost in the fog of Carrière's mannerisms, and yet with beauty looming through in the great swinging curve of the principal lines, and tragedy in the intent faces peering through the shadows.

Among contemporary painters are groups of, more or less, independents in France and England, whose one point in common is the inclination to find inspiration and motives in the past. The contrast in results is curious. From France comes Maurice Denis, deliberately, self-consciously primitive and naïve. He paints Sainte-Cécile and La Danse, according to his idea of how early painters, Flemish or Italian, should have painted these subjects. They were Primitive, as we call it, not because they aimed at Primitiveness, but because they were doing as well as they could with the knowledge and means at their disposal. That is precisely where M. Denis differs from them. He is Primitive because he uses the knowledge of to-day to affect ignorance, because he does his best to take over limitations that do not belong to him or to his age. Never were the draperies of saints and dancers expressed by such elementary lines, never were meadows powdered over with blossoms of quite such naïve growth, never were the faces of saintly men and women so expressive of vacuity. The color too is reduced to the last degree of simplicity, empty white set against flat spaces of immature green. This is the Frenchman. But the game of the Englishman I would contrast with him, Charles Ricketts, is another matter. He, too, goes back to an earlier generation for his models, but he takes not the men who were feeling their way like children, but the giants who had found it. He would pit himself, apparently, against no less a master than Michael Angelo, he would build up from the nude a tremendous composition in the manner of the great Florentine. Mr. Ricketts has two pictures at the International: The Resurrection and Don Juan in Hell. In the first, a column of naked figures rises from top to bottom of the canvas; dark, murky figures, stretched and distorted, in the midst of blue space. In the second, a horseman, naked, with drapery of Titian crimson flying behind, tramples on a mass of nudities, the note of the same crimson repeated in a bit of drapery emerging from somewhere in the chaos of vague forms. Subjects both for Michael Angelo, if you will; subjects, however, which he would have left, not dimly conceived, but vigorously executed. Mr. Ricketts has, apparently, neither the vigor nor the drawing to pursue them further than in these two small canvases, which are no more than tentative sketches. If M. Denis does thoroughly what he undertakes, Mr. Ricketts stops short with the note, the suggestion, of what he would like to do.

In just this respect the difference between the French and English painters is very marked. The French prove that they have the knowledge to achieve the aim they set themselves, while the English always seem to bungle and blunder through somehow. M. Vuillard, for instance, paints, on a small canvas, a prostrate figure, Sur le Sofa, in a commonplace room, but gives you pleasure by the perfect tones. M. Vallotton takes a subject as simple, L'Armoire à Linge, a woman, with a lamp, on her knees in front of an open linen closet, but with an effect of light that gives it interest at once; though, to be honest, M. Vallotton was more individual and amusing in his wood-blocks of a few years ago. And the fine drawing makes up for the unpleasant color in M. Forain's Scènes d'Opéra and Danseuse, though M. Forain, too, is stronger in black-and-white. To turn to the English is to find them wrestling with much more ambitious schemes, which they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have not the ability to carry out. Charles Shannon again shows a group of nudes, on a smaller scale than his big picture of last year, this time a stretch of blue, foam-flecked sea for background: Children of the Sea. Again, he seems oppressed with memories of Watts, and again his drawings suggest the hesitation fatal to beauty of the nude. Mr. Strang continues heroically and strives to unite the sentiment of Millet with the color and methods of the Old Masters, and make of the combination something entirely his own, but with such indifferent success that this year a Vintage by Victor Reynolds is a complete Strang, suggesting the ease with which the new convention can be borrowed, as personality in paint never can be.

Except from France comparatively little work comes from abroad. Germany is represented by G. Sauter, who lives in England. He does not build up elaborate compositions found only in the studio, he does not look through the eyes of the masters of other days and other lands; he is content to paint the things he sees for himself under existing conditions, the Frost and Mist, in the London streets, or the bunch of flowers in a glass; and with these, he sends one portrait, Joseph Pennell, Esq., full of character, enveloped in atmosphere, the best portrait in the exhibition. Spain is not so sensational as in the past. There is nothing by Anglada or Zuloaga. The Dutch make a poor showing, the Americans a very small one in the painting section.

In the graving section the international element is far more in evidence, a higher level of accomplishment is reached, there is greater vitality in individual examples. Technically, too, there is variety. As a consequence, you do not feel here, as you must nowadays in Paris, the decline of interest in the various forms of engraving. A few years ago, everybody was experimenting, often with the most remarkable results. The revival of lithography was full of promise. Illustration was at the height not only of popularity, but of accomplishment. Wonderful things were to be seen at the Champ-de-Mars. Dull or commonplace work was the exception. But the present is a bad moment for black and white. Illustration verges towards photography—in England, is all but swallowed up in it. The public is afraid of lithography; the collector, missing the plate-mark of the etching, suspects an inferior form of art; and when artists keep on working in this medium, it is largely for their own amusement. Yet a good exhibition of prints and drawings is as delightful and stimulating as ever. Here are wood engravings after Whistler. Vermeer, Da Vinci, and Irving Wiles by Henry Wolf. Here are lithographs by M. Belleroche, M. Veber, E. J. Sullivan, Mr. Hartrich, Mr. Jackson, all so different in method that they prove triumphantly the scope and possibilities of the stone. Here are etchings of French cathedrals by Joseph Pennell, and a series after Félicien Rops, printed in color, by M. Bertrand. And hung with all these prints are the pastels of M. Degas, M. Legrand, Mr. Muhrman, and M. Léandre; the water-colors of Anning Bell and M. Storm van s'Gravesande; and the illustrations in color of Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green.

In the sculpture, a special feature is made of the work of Dalou (the master of many sculptures, now at work in England) lent chiefly by South Kensington Museum and private owners. There are bronzes, marbles, terra-cottas, interesting, but too well known to be now described in detail. M. Rodin's Homme qui Marche dominates the central hall, large, full of life, and movement. It is seen for the first time in London, though Paris already knows it. He also sends his portrait bust, in marble, of George Bernard Shaw, shown last winter in bronze. The bronze was amusing, and full of character. It is not so successful in marble. But that great figure of The Man Who Walks seems to stride across the littleness of some of the other work—work of smaller men who have the courage to vie with Rodin, only to prove how ill-equipped they are for the contest. However, other good things are included: another part of M. Bartholomé's monument at Père-Lachaise; the portraits and studies of animals by Prince Troubetzkoy; little bronzes by Harry Wilson, who sends besides jewelry distinguished by unusual feeling for color and design; a casket and some silver fruit dishes come from Paul Cooper, another man with a sense of form and proportion, and the beauty of finish.

I have said enough to explain that the exhibition remains far the most interesting of contemporary work given in London. Whistler set the members on the right path, always, in his concern for the society, disinterested and practical, though he was always supposed to be the most egotistical and least practical of men. To avoid the parochial in art, that was his leading principle. Now that the English, or British, element grows stronger and the international weaker, one watches the fortunes of the international with more anxiety than in the years of its first triumphs.

N. N.

In the Beilage zur *Allgemeinen Zeitung* of January 21 is an interesting article by the late Prof. A. Furtwängler on the Arndt Collection of Antiquities, which has recently been presented to the Bavarian government. This article is of special interest as the last literary contribution of that great archæologist. The collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, which he describes, has been brought together with knowledge and taste by Dr. Paul Arndt. It consists of bronzes (both statuettes and utensils, such as fibulæ, cups, handles, etc.); vases (chiefly of Mycenæan and geometric fabrics, also a valuable lot of ancient Apulian or Messapian examples); gold work, colored glass, painted stuccos, and terra-cotta. The terra-cottas form the most valuable portion. Dr. Arndt has also made a valuable collection of forgeries, which are very instructive for the appreciation of the originals; they have not at present been exhibited, since no room could be found for them.

An interesting new theory has been advanced by Dr. Valerios Stais of the National Museum at Athens, concerning the small gold plaques which have been found in such numbers in the shaft graves at Mycenæ. It has generally been assumed that these gold ornaments were sewed on the garments of the dead. Dr. Stais, on the other hand, thinks that the dead were buried in wooden coffins, which have, of course, now totally disappeared; and that these coffins were covered with this gold. This would explain the fact that not only have a large number of small gold nails been found, with which these ornaments would be fastened to the coffin, but that in some of the plaques gold nails were still attached to the holes. According to this new theory the gold masks and diadems were similarly placed on the coffin. In connection with this idea it is interesting to compare the sarcophagi recently acquired by the Berlin Museum, on which the face of the deceased is represented as a mask which is frequently gilded.

In the series known as Künstler-Monographien, edited by H. Knackfuss (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Nos. 85 to 88 inclusive are now issued. The account of Angelico da Fiesole, with 124 pages and 109 illustrations, is by M. Wingenroth; Geselschap, 86 pages, 92 illustrations, by M. Jordan; Perugino, 134 pages, 110 illustrations, by Fr. Knapp; and William Holman Hunt, 148 pages, 141 illustrations, by O. von Schleinitz.

In the Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums (Bruckmannsche Verlag), the editor, Paul Herrmann, is furnishing a fine series of reproductions of ancient paintings. The set has now progressed to the fifth *Lieferung*. The last three contain reproductions of the paintings of the Casa dei Vettii, in Pompeii.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by "The Eight," at Macbeth's, till February 15; and prints and drawings by Dürer and Rembrandt, from the collection of Marsden J. Perry of Providence, at Keppel & Co.'s, February 20.

Joseph Grego, an English authority on prints, has died at the age of sixty-four. Among his books are "Thomas Rowlandson," "James Gilray," "A History of Dancing," and "A History of Parliamentary Elections."

Finance.

BOOKS ON THE STEEL TRUST.

The American steel industry and the United States Steel Corporation continue to attract the attention of both popular writers and serious students of economics. "The United States Steel Corporation," by Abraham Berglund (The Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., agent), considers the history and present position of the "Steel Trust." It is the sort of detailed study that should be made of each of the great industrial combinations—study that should have preceded much of the generalizing in which economists have indulged. Mr. Berglund's important conclusions are: that the company has never had—and is not likely to have—more than a qualified monopoly of the steel trade; that its policy in respect to prices has been one of moderation, but would probably not remain so moderate if monopoly were ever assured; and that such control over markets as the organization may wield in the future will probably be exercised "in association with independent producers" through such agencies as pools or price agreements. He considers it doubtful if "the competitive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength of such a combination as the Steel Corporation is greater by virtue of mere size than that of some of the more important independent companies with only a fraction of its capital."

Dr. Julius Gutmann's monograph, "Ueber den amerikanischen Stahltrust" (Essen: G. D. Baedeker), covers the same ground as Mr. Berglund's study, but somewhat more briefly. The German investigator, like many of his kind, finds it easier to throw his raw materials—statistics, citations from documents, etc.—at his reader's head, than to digest them and present the results in something approaching tolerable literary form. He treats of some topics, such as the administrative organization of the Steel Corporation and its policy toward employees, which Mr. Berglund does not seriously consider; but his monograph has little to interest American students, except, perhaps, the concluding chapter, which compares the company with the German Steel Syndicate. Dr. Gutmann considers it doubtful whether, in point of economy and technical efficiency, the American organization enjoys any real superiority over the German; and shows that, however this may be, the condition of monopoly is more nearly reached in the German steel industry than in the American.

Herbert N. Casson's "Romance of Steel" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is designed to be "a popular history of our greatest American industry." It may be of interest to the public, but is more likely to be highly valued by the various steel magnates for whose greater glory it seems to have been written. Mr. Casson dedicates the volume to the men "who have made the United States the foremost steel-making nation in the world"; expresses, in the preface, his personal obligation to some two score captains of industry and finance "for their courtesy and friendly coöperation"; and adorns the volumes with half-tone portraits of his collaborators. Its appropriate place seems to be among the "Fads and Fancies" of economic literature.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archer, William, and Granville Barker. Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre. Duffield. $2.50.

Baldwin, James. Another Fairy Reader. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Bigelow, John. The Panama Canal and the Daughters of Danaus. The Baker & Taylor Co. 50 cents net.

Brown, Dr. John, Letters of. Edited by his son and D. W. Forrest. Macmillan Co.

Burnet, Margaretta. A Laboratory Manual of Zoölogy. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book, 1907. Published by the Institution.

Coleridge's Biographia Literaria. Edited by J. Shawcross. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

Confessio Medici. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Cook, Albert S., and Chauncey B. Tinker. Select Translations from Old English Prose. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.

Delitzsch, Friedrich. Zur Weiterbildung. Lemcke & Buechner.

Dodd, Anna Bowman. On the Knees of the Gods. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs.—The Crimes of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and others.—The Crimes of Ali Pacha and others. Macmillan Co. $1.75 each.

Eddy, Charles. A Hole in the Coat. Cassell & Co.

Eltzbacher, Paul. Anarchism. Translated by Steven T. Byington. Benj. R. Tucker.

Field, Edward Salisbury. In Pursuit of Priscilla. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.

Gauss, H. C. The American Government. L. R. Hamersly & Co.

Gerhard, Wm. Paul. Modern Baths and Bath Houses. John Wiley & Sons.

Goss, William F. M. High Steam-Pressure in Locomotive Service. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Hartley, Percy J. My Lady of Cleeve. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Hawthorne, Hildegarde. Women and Other Women. Duffield & Co. $1.20.

Hoffman, Frank Sargent. The Sphere of Religion. Putnams. $1.75 net.

Hungarian Question, The. Translated by Ilona and C. Arthur Ginevar. London: Kegan Paul.

Jacob, Violet. The History of Aythan Waring. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Jacoby, Harold. Astronomy. Columbia University Press.

Kelly, Edmond. The Elimination of the Tramp. Putnams. $1 net.

Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. As You Like It.—The Tempest. Duffield.

Marshall, Archibald. Exton Manor. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. Seraphica. Harpers. $1.50.

Palmer's Business Meeting Manual. St. Paul, Minn.: C. A. Palmer.

Parkin, George R. Sir John A. Macdonald. Toronto: Morang & Co.

Perry, Frances M. An Introductory Course in Exposition. American Book Co. $1.

Persona. A New Gospel. Privately printed. 75 cents.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Mother of the Man. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Pierce, Franklin. Federal Usurpation. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Poor, Charles Lane. The Solar System. Putnams. $2 net.

Quackenbos, John Duncan. Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice. Harpers. $2 net.

Randall, D. T. The Burning of Coal without Smoke in Boiler Plants. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Repsold, John A. Zur Geschichte der Astronomischen Messwerkzeuge von Purbach bis Reichenbach, 1450 bis 1830. G. E. Stechert & Co.

Ridgeway, William. Who Were the Romans? Henry Frowde.

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared. The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Sargent, Charles Sprague. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II., Part I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

Schauffler, Robert Haven. Through Italy with the Poets. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. Old Spelling Edition. Duffield.

Shakespeare, The Bankide-Restoration. Hamlet. Westfield, N. J.: Shakespeare Press. $1.50.

Shaw, Bernard. The Sanity of Art. Benj. R. Tucker.

Shield, A., and Andrew Lang. The King over the Water. Longmans.

Smith, Joseph Russell. The Story of Iron & Steel. Appleton. 75 cents net.

Spears, John R. A History of the United States Navy. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Thoreau's Mother. (Collectanea No. 2.) Lakeland, Mich.: Edwin B. Hill. 10 cents.

Tilden, Samuel J., Letters and Literary Memorials of. Edited by John Bigelow. 2 vols. Harpers.

Van Vorst, Mrs. John. The Cry of the Children. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond. Rambling Recollections. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.

Wood, Mary Haw. Plato's Psychology. Henry Frowde.

A New De Morgan Novel

Somehow Good

By the author of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." $1.75

"If you love your Thackeray, you may chance 'Somehow Good' safely enough and have your reward. If you know Joseph and Alice you do not need to be told anything more."
—*N. Y. Times Review.*

"Ranks with 'Joseph Vance,' which is praise enough."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Has enough wit, wisdom and human kindliness to make it talked about for years to come."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

HENRY HOLT & CO 29 W. 23d St. NEW YORK

TRADE FB MARK

Medici Series
OF
COLORED REPRODUCTIONS
AFTER THE
Old Masters

A series of reproductions by photography printed in color. Endorsed by the art critics everywhere—and enjoying the patronage of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Boston Public Library, and many of the Universities, Colleges, and Libraries throughout the United States and Europe.

Illustrated Prospectus on request

FOSTER BROTHERS
4 Park Square, Boston
Sole Agents for
CHATTO & WINDUS'S MEDICI PRINTS

THE
Solar System
A Study of Recent Observations
By CHARLES LANE POOR,
Professor of Astronomy in Columbia University.

8vo, Illustrated, $2.00 net
No. 17 in the Science Series

This volume is based upon a series of lectures at Columbia University. The subject is presented in untechnical language and without the use of mathematics. Professor Poor shows by what steps the precise knowledge of to-day has been reached and explains the marvellous results of modern methods and modern observations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London

The Art of Life Series
E. H. GRIGGS Editor

THE USE OF THE MARGIN
By EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

WHERE KNOWLEDGE FAILS
By EARL BARNES
Cloth, each 50 net; 55 postpaid
B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, N. Y.

"A sound achievement in biography."
—*London Athenæum.*

THE TRUE PATRICK HENRY
By GEORGE MORGAN.
Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00 net. Postpaid $2.14.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED